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THE

WANDERER:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS,

WITH

REFLECTIONS,

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS,

DURING TWO EXCURSIONS,

IN 1791 AND 1793,

IN

FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ITALY.

BY JOSHUA LUCOCK WILKINSON,

OF GRAY'S-INN.

VOL. I.

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TO THE

PUBLIC

THE Tour, related in theſe ſmall Volumes, was performed in 1791 and 1793, on foot. A few books, two ſhirts, and a thin cotton jacket, formed all my equipage: a ſlender ſtick was my only defence: and a ſmall knapſack contained all my wealth. I went upon the continent with every diſadvantage: ſhort-ſighted, ignorant of the language, without a paſſeport, with very little money, and, unfortunately, of military ſtature. My companion, for ſometime, alleviated the diſtreſs of my ſituation; but when he returned to England, I was obliged to ſtruggle with French jealouſy, and German recruiters. The Journey, however, which I marked out before I left England, I religiouſly performed: and as exerciſe and the climate improved my health, and corrected my conſtitution of an aſthmatic affection, I returned home with increaſed bodily vigour.

In the ſummer of 1793, I projected the renewal of this unparalleled pleaſure; and having found a companion who was willing to partake of the hard fare of a Pedeſtrian, we haſtened to viſit the armies of the allies, and examine, with our own eyes, who were the friends of humanity and ſocial order. During both excurſions I kept a ſmall Journal; but not then having the moſt diſtant idea of introducing the incidents of the journey, or my obſervations to the public notice, I did not make the minute remarks of a publiſhing Traveller. The pleaſures of a Pedeſtrian Ramble were ever predominant in my mind; and, during the many happy hours I ſpent in the ſociety of a friend, as our converſations were, alternately, directed to the ſingular fortunes and viciſſitudes of my friend's life, and the various incidents of a Pedeſtrian Tour, I was urged to the arrangement of the anecdotes which fill the pages of the Wanderer. In the vigour of youth, and the redundance of animal ſpirits, a promiſe is, frequently, raſhly exacted, and imprudently acquieſced in. Our friendſhip was, ſoon afterwards, interrupted: I curſed the chain of incidents which occaſioned it; and though then oppreſſed, and ſtill

galled

galled by a fancied injury, I fought, and have obtained relief in the performance of my promiſe. The reflections, which I have in many places ſubjoined, will not, I hope, alarm any one's pious belief; and though that friend, or every individual, may not be prepared to conſider the ordinances and regulations of religious ſyſtems, as equally true, equally falſe, and equally uſeful, they will pardon the ebullitions of my mind; and if they cannot agree with me in my ideas of religious prejudices, they will, I hope,—I am ſure my friend will—allow me the merit of virtuous intentions.

If that friend knew, that I employed the leiſure hours, immediately after our altercation, and during the ſubſequent abſence, in writing and arranging the matter of the firſt volume; that this exerciſe of the mind relieved me from many hours of anxiety and reproach; and when my reflections were directed to the political, or other ſubjects, we had diſcuſſed together, that I lamented that politics, a miſconceived opinion, or neceſſity, ſhould have created a diviſion between perſons, whom a ſimilarity of temper, of habits, and in general of ſentiments, would otherwiſe, have united in the moſt perfect and *cordial* friendſhip, I might expect

pect a renewal of the ſame kind ſervices, once received, and friendly beſtowed.

I court only the ſmiles and patronage of ———, and the public; and though courteouſly denied the honour of addreſſing this deſultory labour to a noble lord, I truſt that he, and the public, will find an hour's amuſement in the peruſal. When peace ſhall be reſtored to convulſed Europe, if the ſubordinate labours of my profeſſion will then, as the paucity of buſineſs would now permit, and if the ſcanty ſtate of an exhauſted purſe will ſupply the little viaticum of a Pedeſtrian Tour, I purpoſe to dedicate a few ſummer months, a long vacation, to the pleaſures of relaxation; and if I ſhould then obſerve any thing worthy of the public's notice in the renovated people, or country of France, and could pointedly contraſt the manners, cuſtoms, and opinions of the monarchy, with the ſentiments of the republic, and of liberty, I ſhall moſt eagerly wiſh to intrude another Volume upon their patronage.

JOS. L. WILKINSON.

Gray's Inn,
18*th April*, 1795.

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THE

WANDERER.

CHAP. I.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

THE boat could not ſet ſail for two hours; and having previouſly examined the wonders of Dover Caſtle, and liſtened with infantine credulity to the fairy tales of departed worth, I then walked weſtward of the town to Shakeſpeare's Cliff. Thence I ſurveyed the narrow channel of water, which ſo happily divides England from the reſt of Europe; and which, did my countrymen know how to profit by their inſular ſituation, would divide them from the

miſery and politics of the Continent. Secure in our native freedom, environed by a dangerous and tempeſtuous ocean, we might, amidſt the whiſtlings of the ſtorm, calmly behold the convulſions of the world; aloof from the tyranny of the Ruſſian Czarina, the pride of the German Cæſars, the murderous glory of the Pruſſian, or the intriguing mediation of the French Monarchs, we might laugh at their combinations; and however our humanity deplores the calamitous deſtiny of Poland, and its patriot King, though our hearts curſe the regal oppreſſors of that ill-fated people, prudential motives will warn my countrymen againſt any foreign alliances to ſupport or deſtroy their unjuſt aggreſſions.—In the ſweet enjoyment of liberty, and domeſtic quiet, revered abroad, as a nation valiant, generous, and free, under the halcyon reign of a conſtitutional King,

and

and by the rapid extenſion of virtue and philoſophy, Britons ſhall induſtriouſly cultivate the bleſſings of peace, and ſoon ſpurn the miniſterial devices, which have too often deluged the world with blood, and murder, under the ſpecious name of honourable war, or for the imaginary ſupport of a *political balance*. A brave and free people, whoſe ancient valour has extorted, even from their enemies, a well-earned renown—whoſe anceſtors have taught mankind the ſacred principles of political truth, will rejoice to ſee the neighbouring nations ariſe, like a phœnix, from the aſhes and corruption of their deſpotic rulers, and aſſert, like them, the impreſcriptible Rights of Man.—Exerciſed in the inveſtigation of moral and political good, no longer confident in the ſubmiſſive doctrines of indefeaſible right, divine delegation, or the more inſulting claims of catholic infal-

libility, the human mind will cautiouſly examine the motives of conduct—will wiſely deprive miniſterial verboſity of its *gilded* arguments—and will learn to be virtuous, and *loyal* to truth, from the conviction of reaſon.

The pages of hiſtory are blackened by a long unbroken detail of public or private crimes, of regal oppreſſions, national follies, and popular inſurrections: and, in this more enlightened period, the happineſs of man ſeems the ſmalleſt conſideration of legiſlators; the greatneſs of the nation, the acceſſion of territory, a ſplendid military eſtabliſhment, to overawe the ſubjects at home, or a formidable marine, to carry diſmay and terror, the *glory* of their name, to unknown—unenvying nations—the increaſe of revenue, and the creation of a preponderating ariſtocracy, employ all the induſtry, abilities,

lities, and virtue of miniſters in the courts of modern Europe. From the example of ſociety, in the ill conſtituted governments of antiquity, little information can be deduced to guide the ſpeculative concluſions of philoſophers: war, and the irritation of the public mind towards a fancied enemy, were neceſſary expedients of policy; and in the conſequent agitation, a monarchical, or an ariſtocratical, tyranny ſtalked forth in dire array, and with more inſidious, poiſonous powers, gave the laſt and fatal wound to the peace and happineſs of their country. Rouſed by oppreſſion, the people have made dreadful efforts to regain their liberty: but, without an object, and ignorant of the principles of political juſtice, they exerciſed their ſovereignty by momentary vengeance on their deceivers, and again ſunk into their ignoble ſlavery.

Theſe reflections, and the ſight of the oppoſite ſhores, the outrage of war, and the ſerenity of the atmoſphere, produced many doleful ſenſations.—From the convulſions of the people, the mind haſtily reverts to national prejudices; and I could diſcover no rational grounds for the frequent wars between England and France: the literal or liberal conſtruction of an old treaty, or the poſſeſſion of a few hundred acres of American deſarts, were trifling objects, ſet in competition with the happineſs and repoſe of millions. My mind ſhrank with horror; but with pleaſure again returned, to contemplate the bleſſings, the liberty and ſacred equality of my countrymen, and with heart-felt lively joy, contraſted our envied greatneſs, with the miſery, ignominious, and degraded condition of the human ſpecies, in the more benign climates of Europe.—But whence ariſes this extraordinary diſtinction?

diſtinction?—or, why ſhould the moſt favoured gifts of Heaven be not equally participated?—Are Frenchmen too frivolous?—Is the air of liberty too tempeſtuous for the glowing regions of the South?—Will not the gravity of the Spaniard, the ſenſuality of Italy, or the phlegm of Germany, admit, or be improved by, the operation of reaſon? What! the holy inquiſition ſcandalized?—St. Carlo Barromeo, and the guardian ſaint of Naples, elevated to deſerted ſtreets? and the twenty thouſand prieſts of the Sicilian capital, in the ſcrupulous performance of their vows, embrace the poverty, abſtinence, and chaſtity of their kindred Lazzaroni? or with adoration, more beneficial to the intereſts of mankind, and more acceptable to the Omnipotent, induſtriouſly cultivate the fruits of the earth? If in the moment of reformation, the oppreſſed ſhould forget the

golden rules of juſtice and moderation, and compel their former maſters to ſeek a land of refuge, America will afford an inviolable aſylum to honeſt induſtry; and the Engliſh nation, where every man is rich, ſuſpending their penal ſtatutes, will generouſly open the public purſe, increaſed by the parſimony of an heaven-born miniſter, and his favourite appropriation of millions, and laviſhly ſupply the wants of theſe innocent emigrants.

The revolutions of ſocieties are truly dreadful periods; and the long inſtability of new-formed governments, whoſe authority is not obeyed from habitude, ſhould deter the politician from ſudden innovations. The conſequence is uncertain; the liberty of the people, as in England, may be firmly eſtabliſhed upon the ruins of deſpotiſm, or the abſolute authority of the

the monarch be more indiſſolubly cemented by the deſtruction of the Rights of the people. Hiſtory preſents, in each alternative, a melancholy liſt of ſufferers, maſſacred, proſcribed, or who ſhunning the greater evil, and ſtill fond of life, joyfully embraced a voluntary or compulſive baniſhment. The world ſeems black with crimes: the moſt early records abound with perſecution, and ſuffering innocence; and though mankind have progreſſively improved in arts, ſciences, and the virtues of humanity, the minds of my fellow creatures are ſtill too much tinged with prejudice, perſecution, and blood. In the Athenian democracy, the moſt exalted virtues, employed in the ſervice of their country, were generally rewarded with the oſtraciſm; and in the convulſions of the times, the friends of liberty, or the tyrant and his ſupporters, alternately ſuffered under the

knife of the victor. In the dominions of the tyrant, we generally find more peace and tranquillity; but *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant:* a republic displays, in every branch of society, more energy and virtue. The democracies of Greece, like large bands of robbers, under the capricious direction of a favourite captain, made inceſſant attacks upon their weaker neighbours; and, unleſs ſome ſtrong external force compelled their union, they ſeldom felt for the good of their general country. Weakened by mutual attacks, and blended with the monarchy of Macedon, they finally became provinces of the Roman Empire. I muſt leave it to ſtronger genius to conſider the cauſes of the greatneſs, and ſucceſsful ambition of that people. But whatever virtues were inheritable in the Roman character, the leaſt obſerving eye diſcovers ſtains of the deepeſt dye; and

and the hiſtory of the republican virtues, preſents as many calamitous leſſons to mankind, as the vices of the imperial deſpots. But amidſt the ferocity and ſanguinary turbulence of the people, the philoſopher pauſes with pleaſure upon the magnanimity of the ſenate, and laments the evils of the conſtitution, which neceſſarily compelled a foreign war to preſerve the internal peace. Beyond the narrow limits of the infant republic, the moſt deſerving and patriotic of its people were baniſhed by the temporary elevation of the patrician or plebeian party; and, in ſucceſſive ages, the provinces of Greece and of Aſia were crowded by the unhappy exiles of Rome.

Each period of human exiſtence is ſurcharged with wretchedneſs. In the days of the Roman emperors, when their empire filled the civilized world,

as it was impoſſible to eſcape the vengeance of their incenſed tyrant, many fondly choſe the dire alternative of ſuicide. But the unfortunate of modern Europe, have always found a ſecure refuge in ſome neighbouring ſtate. The royaliſts of England, flying from republican and fanatic perſecution, obtained a generous protector in the King of France; and the wretched Huguenots, in their turn, repeopled the waſted plains of England, and introduced into our kingdom a ſpirit of commerce and manufacture. But the factions of the Guelphs and Gibbelins did not terminate ſo happily: and as the *banditti*, not finding a protector, knowing not, or too proud to receive the honeſt gains of trade, were compelled to gain their ſuſtenance by the wicked means of robbery; the word has unfortunately loſt its primitive ſenſe, and is received among the languages

guages of Europe, as expreſſive of the moſt villainous debaſement of mankind. The Engliſh republicans and regicides, finding no aſylum in the kingdoms of Europe, threw themſelves upon the mercy of the reſtored King. One, however, was permitted to enjoy the peaceable retirement of Vevay, on the rich lake of Geneva. Had nature granted him a long life, his paſſive revenge might have been gratified by the ſight of a fugitive deſcendant of his perſecutor, who, denied a refuge in the kingdom of France, neceſſarily embraced what by inſpiration is called a curſe, the condition of a fugitive and vagabond on the face of the earth: and if he had judged of the ſentiments of his countrymen, by the letter of the prime miniſter, to the advoyer of the diſtrict, he would have been pleaſed, that they had at length diſcovered "the accurſed race."

Though

Though at prefent we rail at democratic inftitutions, from them the perfecuted claim protection; and from their honeft impartial line of conduct, the repreſentations of courts have ſeldom forced them to depart, or to infringe the rights of hoſpitality. Voltaire at Ferney, and Rouſſeau in his retirement of the Lake of Bienne, ſolicited, and obtained, the one a temporary, the other an inviolable aſylum; and upon "the banks of the Lake of Lauſanne, under a mild government, amidſt a beauteous landſkip, in a life of leiſure and independence, and among a people of eaſy and elegant manners," the hiſtorian of the Roman empire "enjoyed the varied pleaſures of retirement and ſociety."

Baniſhment, though it in general diminiſhes, ſometimes, however, increaſes the means of happineſs and enjoyment.

From

From the enterprize of their youths, the Greeks founded colonies, and ſpread the elegance and refinement of their manners: and ſome of the kingdoms of modern Europe, in a baſtard imitation of the Grecian colonies, peopled the deſarts of America with the outcaſts, and moſt villainous of ſociety. In the province of Brazil, the Portugueſe ſtill maintain an extended empire over the virtuous deſcendants of the convicts; and in the United States of North America, their honeſt children have joined in eſtabliſhing a virtuous, and independent democracy.

The deſpots of Ruſſia, armed with the law and the ſword, whoſe will is irrevocable, baniſh the moſt enlightened of their obnoxious ſubjects to the wilds of Siberia; and the Swediſh officers, who unfortunately were made priſoners in the battle of Pultowa, there dragged

dragged out their miſerable exiſtence, and by their poliſhed manners ſerved to enlighten the deſart gloom. The unfortunate objects of the reſentment of the German Princes are, in general, ſhut up in the fortreſſes and petty caſtles of theſe little deſpots; but the prayers of the ſolitary inhabitants of the cells of Koningſtein and Magdebourg* may be heard before the throne of heaven, with the louder ſhouts of the French, from the marſhes of the Lower Hungary.

In that glorious period of France, when their monarchs ſhone in the zenith of their

* When the philanthropic Howard recommended ſolitary cells, it had not ſurely occurred to him, that a tyrannical government might make them the inſtruments of their vengeance. The people of England ſhould regard, as dangerous to their liberties, the erection of barracks, and the further extenſion of priſons, with ſolitary cells.

their power, when the happineſs of the ſubject was ſecured by the ſmiles of a King, *great* and good, the objects of miniſterial diſpleaſure were impriſoned, either in public or private baſtiles, or were ſometimes indulged with a peaceful retirement at their country houſes. Few were permitted the latter; but however, it arbitrarily abridged the liberty of man, and is therefore injuſtifiable; and even the convict of Scotland, on whom the law has pronounced ſentence of baniſhment, though he can rove along the banks of the Thames, or the Severn, may regret the pleaſures of his country.

I was leaving my country; my baniſhment, though not voluntary, was not occaſioned by fear of puniſhment; and, in the indeſcribable pleaſures and variety of a pedeſtrian ramble, I hoped to be inſtructed and amuſed. If I ſhould

unfortunately

unfortunately imbibe any of their opinions, if my heart ſhould, in time, be attuned to theirs, and I ſhould rejoice in the ſubverſion of ſuperſtition and ſeignorial exemptions, I hope, I ſhall not be therefore leſs acceptable to my countrymen; and though the violence of a revolution may frequently wound our feelings, they will recollect, that it is the ſame glorious cauſe, for which our Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the ſcaffold.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

FIRST DAY IN FRANCE.

THE veſſel approached the ſhores of France; and we gently paſſed before the wind, in a ſmooth ſea, from near Calais to Boulogne. "Arrived" —was eagerly caught in the cabin, and as variouſly articulated by the paſſengers, the Engliſh, the French, the ſick, and the healthy. Boulogne was in ſight; the cabin was ſoon cleared of its loathſome gueſts; and a boat, announcing the diſintereſted intention of landing "*Mi Lord Anglois*," at the modeſt renumeration of three livres *par tête*; we very thankfully embraced this opportunity of paying our adieus to the rough-boſomed Neptune. I expected every thing

new

new—we were in fairy land; the naides, and ſea nymphs, were ſporting upon the edges of the water: or the benevolent Nauſicaa with her young and female attendants*, conducted by fate, had come down to the ſtrand to waſh their garments, and were ready to aſſiſt the unfortunate ſharers of the fate of Ulyſſes. I knew not what to conclude; but arriving in the moſt ſhallow water, our boat could ſwim in, we were accoſted by an hundred different tones of voice, requeſting, as I was informed, that they might carry us to ſhore. I know not, but French politeneſs would undoubtedly *ſay* the honour of—I was aſhamed, that a woman ſhould quiver under the weight of my body; and refuſed. One honeſt viſaged girl, taking hold of my jacket, and with eyes, that glanced conciouſ-

neſs

* Many of my readers, though they have not ſeen the reality, may have ſeen the picture of "the Landing of Sir John Bull and Family at Calais."

neſs of the *equivoque*, chided my delay, and my falſe delicacy, *pour qoui ne montés vous pas?*—" *Pauvre griſette*," ſaid an ignorant Marquis, " *l'Anglois ne monte jamais.*"

I was happy to be releaſed from the jargon of French I heard around me; and eagerly entered the coach, which was waiting for the paſſengers. After finiſhing a breakfaſt of coffee and tea, we commenced our pedeſtrian excurſion; and from the moment of leaving the Hotel d'Angleterre, bad adieu to Engliſh converſations.

It is very probable, that if the traveller had left a friend, or a miſtreſs in his own country, he might, for ſome hours of the firſt day, muſe upon her beauty and goodneſs, or more cooly eſtimate the real value of friendſhip. I cannot boaſt of much apathy; and my mind

mind frequently returned with lingering fondneſs, to the object of the heart.

I expected, and I found every thing new: hearing a language, different from yours, I thought, I was amidſt a new order of beings; not able to underſtand the meaning of the ſounds, I conſoled myſelf with the pleaſure of converſing with you; and amidſt the chaos of thoughts and reflections, and the airy creations of imagination, if a ſigh eſcaped, I was happy.

I was in a rêverie of this extraordinary kind: I had embodied, and diſembodied, a thouſand fanciful images; and was plodding my weary way with liſtleſs, and incautious ſlowneſs. The luxuriance, or the barrenneſs of nature, the ſtraw-thatched ſhed of the cottager, and the magnificent chateaux of the nobility, paſſed before my eyes; but

but they left no impreſſion upon my mind: I fancied I had ſeen ſuch views; but I could not determine, whether it was a minute, an hour, or a year ago. The "*bon jour, camarade*" of the paſſing peaſants, did not awaken me from my dream: knowing not what ideas they had agreed to attach to theſe ſounds, I proceeded in ſilent meditation.

'Twas a calm; the clouds impended heavy above me: but my eye was attracted by the beams of the meridian ſun, which had found a diſtant peep-hole in the north. My imagination now reſtored me to my country: I muſed on the pleaſures of memory; and alternately turned from you to my friends, to the gay companions of my happy youth: and theſe again recalled the bleſſings of our freedom, and our country. I lamented my unhappy fate:

fate: I had ſipped of the cup of liberty, ſweetened, as it had been, by your affectionate fondneſs: and I heſitated to accept a goblet of wine from the hand of a fair demoiſelle, whom my imagination had created, becauſe ſhe knew not how, like you, to mingle her beverage with the myrtle of freedom, and innocence. I thought, ſhe invited me to drink; *allons Anglois, vive le roi:* but my prejudices would not permit me to ſalute the enemy of my king. Wiſhing to be courteous, I endeavoured to aſſimilate the goodneſs of a Bourbon, and a Brunſwick: but the one, I found divided from his ſubjects by deep bodies of his ſoldiery; the other lived in the boſom of his people:

Où peut on être mieux,
Q'au ſein de ſa famille—

But had I then known this favourite air

air of the French monarchy, I could not in juſtice have applied it to them. The idea, however, ſtruck me, and I referred the happineſs of the expreſſion to my own country. I refuſed the offered gifts of the fair ſlave, and with my eyes ſuffuſed with tears, endeavoured to trace, in the diſtant, brilliant horizon, the ſea-girt iſle of liberty—but it was beyond my view; and I again ſunk into myſelf. The object of my impaſſioned fondneſs—and my friends, by turns, paſſed before my eyes: my country ruſhed upon my wearied ſenſes; and hearing a voice, I thought it was an Engliſhman's, behind a diſtant tree. The ſounds came nearer: my expectation was increaſed: my ſenſes, and the powers of reflection, were ſuſpended. The men ſat down: an aſs, the partner of their labours, came on: 'twas of Engliſh ſhape, thought I: it brayed, and I ex-

claimed, with the moſt violent vociferation, "By G—— here's an Engliſh aſs!" The ſudden exertion determined the waking dream. I laughed at the weakneſs of my intellect; my companion frequently related this effect of my reverie: and ſome viſionary republicans, deriding either my ignorance, or my attachment to my king and country, have ſince, with malicious pleaſure, repeated the whimſical incident, and directed the eyes of a company, with their fingers, and with a ſmothered laugh—*Oui! Aſne! oui!—Anglois.*

We proceeded quietly along: the ridicule, which my companion inceſſantly directed at me, I bore with calmneſs. I confeſſed the juſtice of his ſatire: but the reverie had ſo abſorbed my ſenſes, that I ſtill doubted—No! I one moment believed, that it

was

was an Engliſh aſs. We entered the village of Samers:—I continued ſtupidly thoughtful.—"Come, comrade," ſaid my companion, "to dinner: it will expel theſe idle vapours." We needed not the poſt houſe: our viaticum was trifling, and our wants were eaſily ſatisfied.

If he does not underſtand the language of the country, a foreigner will invariably be treated as a child; and ſhould his phyſiognomy be the moſt expreſſive in Lavater's collection, he muſt not be offended, if his treatment be not better than ours. Two pert ſempſtreſſes, who were working in the chamber, continued their merriment, after we had entered; and as we did not ſpeak their language, we were not men. In all languages, I believe, the expreſſions of joy are

the ſame; and although I had lately heard ſo many pleaſantries on the ſubject of the aſs, I again ſaid, "they know Engliſh."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

PEDESTRIAN RAMBLE.

MY ignorance of the French language, prevented the early enjoyment of many ludicrous incidents: but as their frequent occurrence ſtimulated my mind, I determined to impoſe upon myſelf the moſt indefatigable aſſiduity. Good reſolutions are eaſily formed, and as eaſily deſtroyed, or weakened by indolence, and the natural inclination of man to defer the hour of labour; and as my companion ſpoke French, and was attentive to my novel inquiries, my mind was eaſily perſuaded to ſuſpend its determinations, and repoſe every anxiety upon my friend. So

trifling was my progreſs in the language, that when I arrived at the gate of Geneva, I could not inform the *Conſignè* of my profeſſion. I told him I was *voyageur:* the word I had heard frequently repeated, and hoped he would conſider it, as a ſufficient deſignation. He was not ſatisfied: I now recollected, he frequently interrogated me about "*Metier—horologer?*" Theſe words were above my comprehenſion.—"*Negociant?*" This bore ſome ſimilitude to trade; and I haſtily, and with truth, replied, *Non! non! non!*—"*Il entent à preſent*"—was ſpoken by all preſent; and they ſmiled complacently upon *ce brave garçon,* till one, with ſome portion of malice, interrupted their politeneſs, by the repetition of ſome thread-bare wit—*il entent ſeurement, mais il ne compprent pas.—Profeſſion* I underſtood; and attempting to conſtrue

conſtrue a colloquial expreſſion into intelligible French, I ſlowly uttered, "*Oui! un de la loi*"—"*Et d'Angleterre?*" I anſwered, yes! for England was my country. The ſame malicious wag again excited a roar of laughter—*voila un legiſlateur*. Truth, or my evil ſtars, now degraded me from the dignity of a national repreſentative to the humble, ſordid profeſſion, of a "*Procureur, Notaire—non! pas avocat;*"—and when my companion arrived in the evening, the *Conſignè* amuſed himſelf with my ignorance; and told him, he had given me a *Billet de logement* at an inn—"*pas trop chere—pas mauvaiſe.*"

We did not wiſh to be Anglois always: nor did *Mi Lord*, ſo frequently miſapplied, flatter our vanity. To theſe words were attached the idea of riches: and our purſe was too

light to preſerve the reputation of our countrymen.

We frequently profeſſed to be poor Germans: "But you are coming from England?" Yes; we have been working there. Sometimes, indeed, the peaſants, who boaſted, *qu'ils avoient ſervis*, addreſſed us in Alſatian German: *la plaiſanterie*, as they pleaſed to term our deceit, was ſoon diſcovered; and the raillery, they were anticipating for the great ——— German, was eaſily converted into true good humour, and with the name of an Engliſhman, we were intitled to the honourable diſtinction of friends—*les frères aînès de la liberté.*

Sometimes we were ſuppoſed to be, ſometimes we ſaid we were, taylors: if aſked, ignorant of their language, we might reaſonably demand their meaning:

meaning: ſome explained it by their motions, others degraded us to who "*racommode de vieux habits.*" Sometimes we conſented: ſometimes, indignant at their degradation, we elevated ourſelves to *Gentilshommes*, or took refuge under the more honourable title of merchants. "*Marchands colporteurs je crois ?*" *Oui !* or *non !* as it ſuited our caprice: and the tender-hearted innkeeper, wiſhing to avoid expending his money, or to encourage us to go on, aſſured us, with an important ſhake of the head, and a whiſper of ſincerity, that the next village was rich, and we might there ſell our merchandize. If we thanked him for his polite attention,—*Monſieur eſt tout-á-fait français*, he returned our gratitude with the moſt ardent wiſhes for our ſucceſs; but turning to his wife, winked, ſhrugged, and ridiculed our honeſt credulity.

Les jolies villageoiſes, anxious to ſee our articles of traffic, rebuked us for our ſlowneſs, ſometimes aſſuring us, that they would buy *quelque choſe*; and we ſlowly promiſed, after we had ſatisfied our appetites. In the mean time, the curious were aſſembled, and waited with impatience. *Allez chercher Madamoiſelle:* ſhe arrived, and condeſcendingly ſmiled upon the *pauvres marchands*. Confident of her beauty, natural or acquired, or ſuppoſing, that the poor pedlars ſhould be contented at the honour the daughter of the village lord had done us, ſhe commanded the gay *payſannes* to open our pacquets, and joined the ſhout and ridicule of all, when they found only *des chemiſes et des livres*. To a ſhirt *de fine toile*, we very naturally aſſociate an idea of its neighbour, the ſkin: and from it produce a long chain of reflections and concluſions.—We were emigrants; and this begat commiſeration, even

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in the hearts of a democratic peaſantry. Madamoiſelle drew nearer; the *payſannes* followed her; and they all now ſaw the phyſiognomy, the mien, and the manners of happier days—"perhaps of the nobility of Poland?"—A fellow ſufferer in the convulſions of the times, ſhe now aſked our country: we were pleaſed with her ſympathy, and increaſed her curioſity, for "we came from a very dear country." We could not be Germans, for an old man in the corner of the fire-place, had wiſhed to claim us for "*landſmen. Deutsch? Deutsch?*"—and, in the minds of the villagers preſent, there exiſted no country but France and Germany. —No!—we are Engliſh: their ideas took a new courſe: they whiſpered, that we had books; and the peaſants concluded, that we ſhould one day be ſecretaries. Madamoiſelle, whoſe heart had, perhaps, been lately af-

ſailed, fancied, ſhe diſcovered, in the natural penſive melancholy of an Engliſh countenance, the traits of an unhappy lover, and that the commands of an imperious miſtreſs had conſigned him to this miſerable deſtiny. The peaſants were continuing to ſympathize with us, and ſuggeſting a thouſand kind and tender inquiries, which Madamoiſelle was preparing to put, when haſtily aſking for our account, and throwing our bundles of neceſſities and conſolations upon our backs, we gave, and received a moſt ſincere adieu—*portez vous bien, mes amis.*

They accompanied us to the door: their eyes ſpoke the language of pity: we turned again, and without moving our hats, *encore adieu!* We continued our journey; our minds frequently recurred to the delightful ſcene we had left: we thought of it, and we mentioned

tioned it with pleaſure. Long time after this adventure, a converſation, ſimilar to the commencement of this, though it alſo terminated happily, threatened to involve me in troubles, from which my moſt ingenious devices might have, with difficulty, extricated me.

The incident, to which I allude, was ſo ſimilar to what I have juſt related, that if I deſcribed it, it would appear a repetition only: and I muſt acknowledge, that I encouraged, and gave their curioſity matter to feed on. A ſuſpecting democrat inſinuated, that I appeared *très-expert*, and with the aſſiſtance of her huſband, "*un brave ſoldat national*," conveyed me to the mayor. I was aſked ſeveral queſtions; but I declined to anſwer, till introduced before the proper officer. *Le voilà!*" but I could ſcarcely believe, that a dirty *Bonnet de la Liberté*, was the

the inſignia of mayoralty. He was new in office, had a phyſiognomy of benevolence and gaiety, and as they told me, a true friend of his country. My hat was taken off: "Does he wear the national cockade?" was anſwered in the affirmative; and one of them diſcovering by my hat, that I lived in London, exclaimed, "*Il eſt Anglois.*" Every eye was now fixed upon me: I exultingly exclaimed, "*Oui! Je ſuis Anglois, Ami de la liberté, et de la nation.*" The madame, who procured my arreſt, was now foremoſt in congratulation; and I was conducted, *en triomphe*, to the evening dance.

A journey on foot, though it expoſes you to many inconveniences, alſo gives you inexpreſſible delight; and though generally treated according to your appearance, you may ſometimes aſſociate with the rich and the proud. The

The man of intellect, but particularly an Engliſhman, if the conduct of miniſters has not altered the general reputation abroad, may ſee titles, and ſplendid ignorance, ſtoop before him. Submiſſive, and way-worn, as I was, I was, once, exalted to the rank of king. *Rex vini* I had often been: but I aſpired not to the painful pre-eminence of the king of the French.

We were at Geneva, when a courier announced, that the king had left Paris: all was in confuſion: the drums beat to arms: the citizens, ſome with their military coats half on, and muſquets in hand—others in the garb of bourgeois, were flying to their poſts: the cannon were hauled acroſs the bridges to the ramparts; and every thing, in a moment, bore the appearance of an enemy at the gates. In two days the citizens were again at reſt,

reſt, and in this ſeditious democratic town, joy gliſtened in every face, when intelligence was received, that the king was ſtopped *(attrapè)* at Varennes. We were permitted to paſs Verriere; and even at Verſoi the major, and his ſoldiers, had diſcovered no marks of royalty; but at Rolle, the Marechauſee, wiſhing to make his fortune, and ſwelling with the important ſervice he ſhould do to the French, arreſted me in the name of *Meſſeigneurs de Berne, les Amis et les Alliés de la nation Françaiſe.* I had always been content with the unadorned, ſimple rank of citizen; but this inexorable patrole forced me to wear, for an hour, the cumbrous tiara of a king. He aſked many queſtions, which I could ſcarcely anſwer; the more ignorant I appeared, the more he ſuſpected a deceit: and my garb confirmed his ſuſpicions, and fed his hopes. He gravely aſked the gazing company,

company, and they as gravely complied, if the king might not eafily elude the juſtice of his "ſubjects, dreſſed like him." I told him, I was an Engliſhman, and to ſupport my aſſertion, ſpoke in my own language: he doubted not, that the fugitive Louis ſpoke Engliſh, and that the king could conceal his knowledge of the French. I continued my aſſeverations; and, to have avoided the hunted name of *Roi*, I would willingly have accepted the condition of the moſt debaſed of mankind. "Whence, and whither?" I quickly anſwered: "*En Italie?* He exclaimed—"*Mais pourquoi?*" Had I been expert in the *Patois* of the Pays de Vaud, or had I known French, as he did, I would have ſtunned his ſenſes with Cameos, Intaglios, Apollos, and Minervas, more than the name of king had appalled me. But in my penury of language, I could not explain my trade

trade of a merchant, under which I had taken refuge, more than I was going to collect "*des choſes curieuſes—des Antiques.*" I was apprehenſive of involving myſelf in difficulties; and I pointed up ſtairs, uttering, *camarade.* My companion was obliged to leave his bed, and it required all his exertions to prove, that the Swiſs had not arreſted the king of the French.

But the pedeſtrian traveller, after ſuch extraordinary elevation, muſt not become preſumptuous; he muſt bear the common occurrences, and dangers of his life, with common fortitude, nor ſcorn the aſpiring deſires of the nymphs of Mont Blanc, ſhould any one of them think, ſhe could be happy in his ſociety, or expreſs the deſire, "*de paſſer les Montagnes avec ce brave étranger.*" If the poor Savoyarde knows little of the luxuries of Turin, if her boſom beats

beats not with the ardour of a Piedmontoiſe, ſhe knows, how to enjoy the pleaſures of the ſimple paſtoral life, and her icy nature inclines her to the virtue of conſtancy.

At the foot of the Alps, I read Rouſſeau's account of his paſſage over theſe mighty barriers; and I will ſketch my happineſs in his words.

" I journeyed gaily: no accident troubled my mind: I was in the happieſt condition both of body and ſoul. Young, vigorous, full of health, of ſecurity, of confidence in myſelf, and others, I was in that ſhort, but precious moment of life, when its expanſive plenitude invigorates the ſoul in all its ſenſations, and embelliſhes all nature with the charms of our exiſtence.—No fear, no doubts of

my

my deſtiny, diſturbed my reveries:—no care—I walked lightly. Youthful deſires, enchanting hope, brilliant projects filled my ſoul. Every object, that I ſaw, appeared to me the guarantee of my approaching felicity. In the houſes I fancied ruſtic banquets, in the fields, romps and wanton wiles, rivulets, baths, promenades; upon the trees delicious fruits, under their ſhades voluptuous *têtes à têtes*; upon the mountains pails of milk and cream, a charming liſtleſſneſs, peace, ſimplicity,—the pleaſure of going, you know not whither. Nothing ſtruck my eyes, that conveyed not to my heart ſome charms of enjoyment. The ſublime grandeur, the variety, the real beauty of the ſpectacle, made this charm worthy of reaſon: vanity, too, adminiſtered its pleaſures. To go into Italy, to have ſeen ſo much country, to follow

Hannibal

Hannibal acroſs the mountains, appeared to me a glory above my years.

"I never had, in all my life, an interval more truly exempt from anxiety and pain, as the ſeven or eight days of this excurſion. The *journée* of Madame Sabran, to whoſe pace politeneſs required we ſhould regulate ours, was only a long promenade. The remembrance of this journey has given me the moſt lively taſte for every thing allied to it, for mountains, and pedeſtrian excurſions. I never travelled on foot, but in my youth, and then always with delight. When buſineſs, and baggage to carry, forced me to become a gentleman, and take a coach, corroding care, embarraſſments, and conſtraint, mounted with me; I had no pleaſure, but that

that of going—no desire, but to arrive."

An agreeable companion increases the pleasures of a journey: he may, indeed, sometimes interrupt the charms of a reverie; but his conversation amply supplies the vacuity, which the mind, if totally left to itself, is unable to bear. If you travel by yourself, your curiosity, even *ennui*, will stimulate you to form new acquaintances: the honest credulity of one, the art of another, the implicit confidence of the believer in images, or the haughty and scornful pride of the philosopher, will amuse your mind, and the reflections, they variously cause, will enlarge your understanding.

Of the numerous companions of my journey, each had his characteristic

riſtic mark: their purſuits were various, and their religious and political principles were, in various ſhades, darkened by gloom, or enlightened by hope and truth. Some repoſed their timid conſciences upon the craft of prieſts; others philoſophically arrogated to themſelves the power of thought. The ſoldier extolled the valour of his brothers in arms: the prieſt inſinuated the ſubmiſſive reſpect due to his dignity; and the Greek, who could not admire the iron government of the Turk, with fondneſs exclaimed, that he was deſcended from the ancient aſſertors of human liberty; and becauſe his country had once produced Homer, Socrates, and Apelles, he wiſhed it ſtill to be adored, as the ſeat of poeſy, philoſophy, and the fine arts.

If the pre-eminent rank of a king is too inſulated for theſe republican times

times, and the pedeſtrian fondly claſſes himſelf above the condition of the *Canaille*, or (if I may uſe the well appropriated term of a knight errant) *the Swiniſh Multitude*, he may yet, by the donation of a good dinner, or a copious profuſion of wine, be intitled to the well-earned privileges of nobility. The whole Auberge will then reſound the riches and goodneſs of this grand ſeigneur: but let him go to the door, or into the company of men, who have not taſted of his liberality, and he immediately ſinks into the ſimple man, or into a condition more diſtreſſing, than a ſlave—" He is a recruit."

This word recalls the miſeries of the way-worn traveller: and ſuch is the unhappy lot of man, that our pleaſures require ſome alloy, or we loſe their reliſh. I contemplated, at a far, the lofty regions of the Alps,

enumerated

enumerated the dreadful viciſſitudes of their inhabitants, and pauſed with increaſing wonder over the eternity of their ſnows. I ſeated myſelf upon the banks of the Po, and with the tearful ſiſters of Phaeton, lamented the ambition of men, of Princes, and Kings. Theſe plains, ſaid I, have been fertilized with the blood of the Romans, the Goths, and Vandals, the Huns, and the Franks; and mankind ſtill beſtow more praiſe on their deſtroyers, than their benefactors. We are dazzled with the bloody, but unavailing victories of the Duke of Cobourg; but the peaceable merits of the Prince of Denmark, and the Regent of Sweden will deſcend, along with them, unnoticed to the grave. I continued to muſe: my imagination pourtrayed the exceſſes of war; and, ſhuddering at the blackneſs of the picture, I ſtarted

from the reverie, and proceeded to the walls of Cremona. The entry was luckily not guarded by the ſoldiery; and we were peaceably permitted to adore, according to our mid-day cuſtom, the divinity of Ceres and Bacchus. After dinner, we were haſtening to the more claſſic city of Mantua: we had paſſed the gate, and had reached the *Bureau des droits*, when a ſavage-whiſkered ſerjeant recalled us to proſtrate ourſelves before the Cremonian repreſentative of the German Cæſar. He was a recruiter; and finding us of military ſtature, he wiſhed to engage us for his Majeſty, the Emperor, and King. We had not acquired a military taſte: nor had nature given us a genius; and my reflections on ſtates and empires, on the fatality of ambition, were not yet defaced from my memory. He tried the powers of

ſeduction, and offered us a corporal-ſhip at the end of the year; we refuſed his kindneſs: he preſſed it, and demanded our paſſports. I grew enraged, and, in my own language, damned the Emperor. Nothing could now appeaſe him: priſon and comandant were the only words, we heard. He conducted us to the Grande Garde, and thence to the governor's houſe. His Excellency was at his *Sieſta*; and when I inſiſted, that they ſhould either awaken him, or let me go, they were aſtoniſhed at my inſolence. We were at laſt introduced; and I found, it was imputed to me, beſides my crime of being of military ſtature, that this Franceſa had dared to damn "L'IMPERATORE." I ſeemed to have no hopes of liberty: I muſt either expiate my follies in a dungeon, or in the ranks of ſome Imperial regiments. I was an Engliſhman; inſinuated, that there was

an ambaſſador at Vienna, who would be ready and willing to make his Excellency anſwer for his conduct. "But why go to Mantua?—you ſhall go out at the gate of Milan, and return to your own country." The natale Solum of Virgil, and we were determined. Intreaties, nor threats, could move him: his miſtreſs, who for a long time had ſhewn a deſire of entering the room, at laſt came in; and with the general benevolence of her ſex, undertook the cauſe of the diſtreſſed. She obtained our liberty, chagrined the recruiting ſerjeant, merited the applauſe of a good action, and the two poor Ingleſi ſtill remember her with gratitude.

In France, what is not French is in general *Allemand;* in Germany, every thing novel is from *Frankreicht;* foreigners in England, are univerſally ſtiled

ſtiled Frenchmen; and in Italy, they are alternately *Franceſi*, or *Tudeſci*. At Mantua, the ſerjeant on guard believed I was from France: having probably heard his ſuperiors loudly execrate the actions of the French, he too, in ſervile military imitation, but at a humble diſtance, muſt purſue the way to imperial honours; and when to his queſtion of ſerving the Emperor, I oppoſed my attachment to my country, he was aſtoniſhed, and vociferated with contemptuous ſurpriſe, *cara patria!!* I ſoon diſcovered to him his miſtake, and my country; then lifting his hands to heaven, he wiſhed, that he had been born in that happy iſland.

The irregularity of the city of Milan confuſed me much; and had not the exceſſive loftineſs of its gorgeous cathedral ſerved for a director, I ſhould, with difficulty, have arrived *aux trois*

Rois. I was once bewildered, and rambled, without knowing whither. But I had unfortunately trod upon holy ground—upon ground more ſacred to the jealouſy of a military government, than the interior of a Hindoo Zenana, or a Turkiſh Haram to their ſelfiſh Lord —upon ground, fatal to the unſuſpecting, ignorant intruder, as thoſe cages of innocence, and beauty, ſtill are to the *male*,* or the ſolitary cells of the monks of Saint Bruno have been to the inquiſitive curioſity of the female*, ſex--upon ground, to which the Judaic legiſlator would not have aſpired to admire the *poſterior* glory of

* I do not wiſh to make any compariſon of the male, or female puniſhment. But certainly chirurgical amputation, is more dreadful than the ſacred *penance* of Flagellation, adminiſtered by the *pious* hand of the monk; and though the fair ſex, in general, ſuffer by the diſtinction of human inſtitutions, they muſt, in the preſent caſe, gratefully thank the holy curioſity of the recluſe, and reward the kindneſs of the church, by a gentle ſubmiſſion, *a priori*.

of a corporeal Deity--I had treſpaſſed upon ground, more ſacred, than the holy ſepulchre, around which *chriſtian* Auſtrians ſtand guard to prevent the profanation of French *Atheiſts*, Pagan, or Mahometan foes--but I did not perceive its ſanctity, till an Hungarian grenadier roughly informed me, that I was upon the glacis of the citadel, and beckoning to his fellow ſoldiers, conducted me towards the gate. The ſoldier *de l'avancèe* refuſed me entrance; I ſhrugged, and exclaimed, it was no curioſity of mine. He wanted the watch word; the Hungarian gave it him, and pulled me through the advancé-gate. Before we arrived at the Commandant's quarters, we paſſed two officer's guards, to each of whom I explained my motive, for the treſpaſs upon the glacis. His excellency was not at home; but we found him, however, ſeated under a tree, ſurrounded

by ſeveral officers. The ſoldiers advanced, hat in hand, with great trepidation, gave in my paſſport to one of the officers, and he, nearly as ſubmiſſive, handed it to the commandant. I advanced alſo, with a cool, determined, phyſiognomy, conſcious of innocence, neither guilty of *leze nation*, nor of any traitorous intentions to the Majeſty of Cæſar; and that natural, free born, pride, which Engliſhmen did inherit, but which miniſters wiſh to refine away, forbad me to uncover. The commandant eyed me minutely; and after a moment's pauſe, putting his hand to his head, for a German, politely moved. Such condeſcenſion demanded a more ſubmiſſive return from a pedeſtrian, and I then remained uncovered, contrary to his deſires, during my ſhort examination. He at length diſmiſſed me, wiſhing me "a good journey--you have a good paſſport."

port." The curſed recruiting ſerjeant however, did not diſcontinue his ſolicitations; I ſhould be a grenadier--a corporal:--but I had other affairs in my country. "Come drink, drink,"--"No!"--"Why not?"--"I have too much pride." I had wounded his honour; and as a ſoldier, he put his hand upon his ſword. I withdrew, but his eye ſtill followed me: he ſtood ſtill, and I preſume, becauſe I had retreated, or had not accepted his imperial honours, he was ſatisfied, I was a coward.

Long time previous to the laſt adventure, we liſtened with fond attention to the enthuſiaſm of ſome French patriots, and were aſtoniſhed at the fiery zeal of the youths, and the doating childiſhneſs of the old: "you are young," ſaid they, "you will live to ſee the completion of our liberty." My companion enjoyed their converſation:

I was charmed at the gaiety of the young, and the happy complacency of the old; and we both forgot we were five leagues from Montmirel, and the evening was approaching. We at length proceeded: but night ſoon enwrapt us in darkneſs. The evening ſtar alone appeared--and in a traƈtleſs country was our only guide. We loſt our road, and about midnight, directed by the ſound of village dogs, dropt upon Fontinelle. The *Cabaretier* would not receive us: wiſhing to repoſe under the guardianſhip of religion, I propoſed the chapel porch. "No, let us go further." The fatigue of the day, the ignorance of the road, the frequent ſuſpenſions of the walk, the anxiety of the mind to liſten to the paſſing ſounds, real or imaginary, and the continual deluſions of the eye and the ear, which hope and fear variouſly create and magnify, combined to produce a wea-

rineſs,

rineſs, and deſire of repoſe. We laid down; our napſacks were our pillows; the heavens our canopy; and a thick hedge broke off the keen air of the eaſt. Oppoſite to us was a village *dieu*: and the Santa Maria, who regarded her ſon with maternal fondneſs, we hoped, extending her *divine* protection, would, with her opiate and enfolded charms, lull the cares of the benighted paſſenger. The goddeſs heard not our wiſhes; the croaking of the frogs diſturbed our reſt; and we waited with anxious and better grounded expectation, the ſmiles of the approaching Aurora. We aroſe with her; and by the aſſiſtance of an early, and induſtrious hedger, were enabled to regain the *pavè* of Montmirel.

This inconvenience was owing to the allurements of pleaſure, or to the faſcinating happineſs of a democratic

peaſantry: but once in Italy a diſaſter, ſomething ſimilar, happened to us, through the pride, ignorance, or ſuſpicions of the commandant of Caſal. This illuſtrious perſonage, with an *hauteur*, inexpreſſible in the Engliſh language, reluctantly granted us permiſſion to ſleep in his city; but as free-born Engliſhmen could not then ſupport the idea of any reſtraint upon their natural liberty, and were not *then* habituated to the deſpotiſm of a military government, we preferred to encounter the cold of an Italian night, and the dangers of a border country, with the enjoyment of liberty, than to repoſe in ſecurity, guaranteed to us by the points of the bayonet, reverſible at the caprice of a commandant. At ſun-ſet we left this town, and took the road of Vincenza: but, in the darkneſs of the night, we loſt ourſelves. We met a cordelier, of whom we enquired the road;

road; but at that moment, he was too much engaged with the performance of his vows, and in the felfifh and unnatural worfhip of his God, to attend to the wants, and neceffities of his fellow creatures. We did not fleep this night in the open air; nor had we a wooden, or a ftone *dieu* for our protectors. A hay-loft was our chamber, where the effluvia of fome moift and new hay acted, as a very powerful fudorific.

Among the mountains of Savoy, the traveller muft be content with accommodations, little more agreeable, than a hay-loft; and as a proof, I will particularize our misfortunes in attempting to pafs the Bon Homme. Having walked, after dinner, from Salenche to Contmorin, we intended, the next day, at an early hour, to continue our journey to the foot of the paffe, and, if poffible,

poſſible, to traverſe the mountain. After three hours of aſcent, and ſevere fatigue, we reached the bottom of the amphitheatre, which the mountains there boldly and ſuddenly form. We were involved in miſt, and had not aſcended far, when we found, in the elevated atmoſphere, a very thick and impaſſable ſnow, but which the milder air of the valley had diſſolved into rain. To proceed was dangerous; but after the fatigue of aſcending for four hours, we refuſed to return, and inſiſted, that our guide, whom neceſſity had compelled us to take, ſhould purſue the journey at all events. We climbed higher: the miſt was now thickened by ſnow and ſleet; and the ground was ſo deeply covered, it was dangerous, and moſt fatiguingly laborious to proceed. I had only one pair of ſtockings; and as the peaſants had, laughing, and with a juſt rebuke obſerved, that they were

ſuitable

ſuitable to the *Villas**, *pas pour les campagnas*, I had moſt fooliſhly ventured among the ice and ſnow, bare-legged. My bleeding ankles ſoon convinced me of my extreme folly; but my hands were too benumbed to put them on. Our conductor now declared, he could go no further: we inſiſted, and he proceeded to within an hour and an half of the ſummit of the Paſs. The miſt and ſolitary gloom darkened around us: "ſtay here a moment; I will go higher," ſaid the guide, "and if it is poſſible, we will traverſe the mountain." In his abſence, my companion kindly aſſiſted me to wrap up my ancles. In ten minutes he returned, carefully meaſuring back his ſteps, hallooing, and ſhouting, as he ſaid; but ſo thin was the medium of the atmoſphere, we ſcarcely heard him at the

* They here pronounce their French with Italian terminations.

the diſtance of thirty yards; nor could we diſtinguiſh any thing at five yards. At that diſtance, our bodies looked like a ſhadow. We now relinquiſhed every hope of paſſing the mountain; and cautiouſly retracing our ſteps, deſcended, after our guide. After ſeven hours of unavailing fatigue, we arrived at a *chaillet*,* in a plain of the mountain, and were happy to refreſh ourſelves, with milk and brown ſour bread—all the luxuries, this ſummer habitation afforded. We deſcended to ———; and there procured the promiſe of beds, and refreſhment. Upon an omelet, mixed with Savoyard riches, cheeſe, we ſparingly ſupped: milk was our beverage; and in a corner of an unceiled

* Theſe are little ſheds in the mountains, habitable in ſummer only, where the peaſants aſcend with their cattle, goats, and ſheep, in the hot months, and make their cheeſe, which in winter, they ſell in France, and again return in ſpring from their emigration.

ceiled loft, which admitted the external air, and the more offenſive ſmell of goats, which laid under our rafted floor, they made us two beds of ſtraw. We were fatigued, ſo ſlept ſound; and to a great aperture in the wood, near which my head unfortunately reclined, I applied my knapſack.

Will an inhabitant of theſe temperate regions believe, that this ſevere day was the fifteenth of July; or that it was ſucceeded by a burning ſun, which, with the reflection from the ſnow, could peel the ſkin from his face?

We aroſe at ſix, and prepared to renew our exertions--to ſurmount our dreaded difficulties: but before ten in the morning, the ſun, having greatly melted the ſnow, made it eaſy to reach the fartheſt point of the day before. We there ſat down, and after drinking

a *bon*

a *bon voyage* to each other, again moved on. We were happy, that we had attempted no farther: the edges of precipices prefented themfelves at every moment; and here we turned to the left, to avoid a fudden and horrid bafin, dug from the mountains, and whofe terrible precipice begins at fifty yards, beyond where we had ftopped. On the fouthern declivity of the mountain, the fnow affured our fteps, rather than incommoded us; and after paffing the loweft part of fnow, finding a fmall hillock, we fat down to reft ourfelves, and dry and warm our feet. Our faces were burnt, and fcorched; but our feet had truly been in the latitude of Lapland. At the firft *chaillet*, I formed a refolution, which my curiofity frequently afterwards tempted me to break—never more to pafs a mountain, whofe dangerous precipices are hid by new fallen fnow.

I curfed

I curſed the Glaciers; and vowed, in future to be content with valleys and plains. *Il faut encore traverſer d'autres montagnes pour aller en Italie,* ſaid our guide, *à préſent vous nêtes que dans la Tarentaiſe*.*

Rem! quocunque modo rem! The traveller ſhould never be deſtitute of it: our purſes were originally very ſmall: they required much nurſing, or our ſtock would have been expended on the Italian ſide of the mountains.

" Could

* Over this terrible Paſſe, the Piedmonteſe ſoldiers forced their way in the ſummer of 1793, and eſtabliſhed their advanced poſts upon the Arve, below Salenche; but were afterwards forced to retreat, by the ſame mountain, into the Lordſhip of Tarentaiſe, and thence, I preſume, into Italy. I muſt confeſs myſelf ignorant, by what defiles in the mountains, they paſſed: if they arrived by the Mont Iſera, from Val, we muſt conclude, that the Sardinian troops had poſſeſſion of the county of Maurieune; but I never heard, that the Carmagnols were repulſed from their entrenchments at the foot of Mont Cenis; or if they were, whether they

" Could not you have been ſupplied by your countrymen? " is a very natural queſtion, and as eaſily anſwered. I did apply to one Engliſhman at Geneva, and offered to depoſit à bill with him, till I returned from Lyons, and although this ſmall act of goodneſs would have ſaved me 150 livres, and coſt him nothing, he would not aſſiſt me. Had I not forgot his name, I would have mentioned, with how much politeneſs, he refuſed my requeſt.

Way-

they had ſince regained their poſition. The military movements in the Alps, being kept ſo ſecret, were not, I preſume, much in favour of the Allies; or they had eſcaped notice, amidſt the greater events of the campaign.

The laſt note was written, previous to the campaign of 1794, at the commencement of which the troops of France, guided by the mountaineers, who had joined the cauſe of liberty, ſucceeded in a general attack along a broken line of poſts, from Fort Mirabacco to the Little St. Bernard, and over the latter puſhed their advance guard into the Dutchy of Aoſta.

Way-worn and allowed by all the peaſants, whom I met, to be much fatigued, I mounted the maſſagerie; and on account of my poverty, and a poor appearance, I perſuaded the driver to take the moiety of the fare. My manners, attainments, or ſomething, engaged the attention of an amiable chevalier: he was amazed that I ſhould travel in that garb, in that appearance of miſery; and was, with difficulty perſuaded, that I had not a *malle* behind the coach. I told him, that a long journey had nearly exhauſted my purſe, which was not originally *trop peſante;* and that I had very little to ſerve me to Geneva. Tears of pity ſuffuſed his eyes—a tender commiſeration marked every moveable feature of his face: his hand, in uniſon with his mind, felt for his purſe. Pride reſumed its ſeat; I ſqueezed his knee, and aſſured him, I had ſufficient to carry me to my deſtination. He afterwards

wards was preſent, when I wiſhed to pay the fare from Nancy to Langres: he put down the money privately, and turning to me, hoped, I would conſider it as his coach. My poverty was urgent; but pride—falſe pride, made me again refuſe his benevolence. This good man was a chevalier, rather aged, with grey locks; and as he was firmly attached to the abſolute government of his King, his exiſtence may now depend upon the generoſity of our countrymen.

I once met with a ſimilar proof of generoſity among the peaſantry. In a long converſation, which we held with an honeſt, laborious peaſant, upon the effects of the revolution, and the expected happineſs of his country, we perhaps, might have intereſted him in our welfare; but he frequently and warmly enquired, if we had *de quoi vivre;* and not having received any

anſwer

anſwer to his queſtion, he drew a purſe, containing twelve ſous, from his pocket. As we were two, this kind-hearted ſoul gave us eight of them, and keeping the remainder *pour nous faire manger ma femme & moi;* he ſaid, he would work to-morrow for more. We refuſed; but he inſiſted we ſhould take them, " you are poor—*étrangers et libres.*" His old wife, who from her loſs of teeth, could ſcarcely articulate, inſiſted *oui! oüi!* and with her friendly hand and ſincere ſqueeze, endeavoured to put the money into our pockets. We then told them, we were not poor nor rich, drank to their nation, and when we left them, they followed us with their eyes, ſincerely regretting and admiring *ces braves Anglois.*

If I acquaint my readers with the genuine generoſity of a royal, and a patriot

patriot Frenchman, juſtice requires, that I ſhould alſo mention ſomething, in praiſe of an Engliſh Ambaſſador abroad. I have related it elſewhere, that at Turin we were conducted by the ſoldiery to the Houſe of Juſtice, and thence to the Houſe of Mr. Trevor. His Excellency took great pains to enquire the extent of our journey, and our purſe; and by his ſolicitude, (the intention of which, I hope, we did not miſtake) he wiſhed to aſſiſt us. We were truly thread-bare, and his politeneſs demands our warmeſt acknowledgments.

The paſs, that he gave us, was read at the gate of Soleure: the ſerjeant looked at it, and then at me; he ſeemed to have ſome doubts; but I knew not of what kind—he deſired me to ſtop. His officer and he came out together,

together, ſpoke in German, and after indorſing my paſſe, the ſoldier conducted me to the alms houſe. He ſpoke ſome little of my former condition, and hinted what a ſad reverſe of fortune I had experienced; how galling *pour un homme, comme il faut.* I did not then underſtand his meaning: he ſtopped me at the door, and in three minutes brought me out a large piece of brown bread, which he gave me, aſſuring me, that it "was the charity, which this city gives to all poor travellers." I could have hugged the good ſoul for his tender-hearted benevolence: and I bleſſed the verſatility of the human mind, which could, after the years of warfare, he confeſſed, he had been engaged in, ſtill ſo overflow with the milk of humanity.

The ſame garb which commanded ſo much attention at Soleure, I conti-

nued to wear, till I arrived at Geneva, as I have elſewhere related, by the circuitous roads of Alſace, Lorraine, and Franche Comptè. The day had been rainy, and when I arrived at Saverne, at a very late hour, and in my wet and dirty garbs, and had enquired, if ſhe could lodge me, the good woman, with a pitying tone, replied, *Oui! mon enfant-pourquoi non?* She ſuppoſed I was poor, and ordered Nannette to give *ce pauvre homme*, ſome bread and wine, *et donnés lui en aſſés.* I was affected with this ſingular benevolence of the miſtreſs of an Auberge: but was ſorely galled, that I could not then bid adieu to my miſery. With a contradiction, common to mankind, I ſwore, "if I was not rich, I was not poor," and immediately ordered ſoup, meat, *un petit ſouper comme il faut;* and though my purſe could not ſupport the condition of a gentleman, my pride

pride revolted at the wretched dependance of a beggar.

This incident determined me, in better days, and during the war againſt liberty, to aſſume the ſorrowful demeanour of an emigrant. My knowledge of French, did not enable me to paſs myſelf, as an emigrè " *pour mon roi et ma religion*: nor did the political, or religious perſuaſions of my hoſts make it adviſeable. I was an emigrè of Poland: my father held ſome rich antient Zaroſties; but had, unfortunately for his family, joined the party of the patriots, againſt the ambitious deſigns of Ruſſia: and that our patriot King, his nobles, and people, had liſtened too fondly to the deceitful promiſes of Pruſſia. At this laſt word the Hollander broke ſilence, and his wife cried: both, many times, repeated, with ſlow and grave move-

ments of the head, and a broken articulation, *ah! Pruſſe, Pruſſe!* I had excited their ſympathy; and the miſery of a patriot, made them feel alſo for the diſtreſſes of the French emigrant. *Prince ou roturier!* ſhe wiſhed well to all; but, your father?--your mother?--He had fallen in battle; and of my mother, baniſhed from my country, I knew not, whether ſhe was dead, or alive: but I hope, the generoſity of the Empreſs would protect a woman. They both moved their heads, and ſighed a doubt: "But yourſelf, what will you do?--the emigrants, *chez M. le Curè*, cry all the day."--I am no woman--I ſhall go into America, the land of freedom, and cultivate the earth--*gagner ma vie*--" But perhaps a man, like you, may become a burgomaſter?" I know not my deſtiny--*eſt ce que l'argent vous manque?* Though I aſſured them, I had ſufficient for my journey,

journey, they reluctantly took my money. The next morning I roſe at ſix: the good woman had already prepared a breakfaſt of coffee for Mynheer; but, as I was unwilling to wait, they attributed my refuſal to my poverty, *mon patriote! allons déjeûner enſemble--il ne vous en coûtera pas un liard.*--I put my knapſack upon my back--the hoſteſs, who was that moment returning with butter from the cellar, exclaimed. "don't go:" and the huſband riſing upon his breech, and undrawing the curtains of his bed, reached out his hand to ſqueeze mine --he did it with a graſp of ſincerity--his wife joined his good wiſhes--*portez vous bien, mon ami--mon cher patriote.*

In the laſt pennyleſs adventure, I aſſumed a diſtreſſed condition; but upon the banks of the lake of Geneva, I was once entirely deſtitute of money,

though I did not then wear the miſerable clothes, I afterwards did at Soleure. An innkeeper, (and I don't wonder at it) diſplays few marks of hoſpitality. We had ſpent the preceding evening at a village, near Vevay: as a *chargèe** ſailed the next morning for Villeneuve, my companion agreed with the maſter to go with him. I accompanied him, to what the Swiſs, in their arrogant ambition, call the port; and having left my knapſack in the boat, proceeded, on foot, along the heights of the mountains. At the ſight of ſo vaſt a plain of water, environed by the moſt delightful country of the world, whoſe diſtant proſpects are terminated by ſuch mighty mountains, I might be allowed to gaze with ſilent wonder; but as the wind was light, I had gone much quicker, than the boat. When I arrived

* The boats, laden with merchandize, are called upon the lake of Geneva, *chargèes*.

rived at Villeneuve, I walked on the *ſtrand*, (let me imitate Swiſs importance) chiding the gentle zephyrs, which then ſcarcely blew. I turned to the *Embouchures du Rhone*, and directing my eyes up the extenſive valley, where the Rhone had made its bed, I ſaw the clouds, collected in the mountains, and the lake on a ſudden became dark, and ruffled. The ſhower began, and I took ſhelter in an Auberge. Preſuming, that my companion would ſoon arrive, I demanded *deux lits:* the girl ſeeing one man only, perſuaded herſelf, that the foreigner wanted *du lait*, and told me, they had none. I made motions: and repeated, with my left hand up, and head reclined, *a coucher: Pourquoi deux?* ſaid ſhe. I pointed to the lake, and endeavoured to explain, that my companion was coming by the bark. My requeſt was now granted, and a cold repaſt ſet out for me. The

ſhower and ſtorm ſoon abated; but when I returned upon the banks of the lake, I could not ſee the boat; and the waves were beating furiouſly againſt the caſtle of Chillon. I was not in deſpair: hope told me, the boat might have been forced to the ſhores of Savoy; and indeed I afterwards found, that it had bore away for ſhelter, and had ſafely arrived at St. Gingon, in the Dutchy of Chablais. I watched all that day; and the next morning, with increaſing anxiety, expected ſome news of my comrade. I attempted to paſs towards that ſide of the water: but the marſhes, which the river and the lake had formed, preſented a barrier, formidable as the eternal ſnows of Mont Blanc. I returned to the Auberge: "you have not found your companion?" On this ſubject I encouraged no converſation, and carefully avoided expoſing my ſituation.

I then

I then walked on the northern ſide of the lake, as far as Chillon; and enquiring of every one I met, was at laſt conſoled by the aſſurance, that the bark (*la chargèe? oui!*) had ſafely arrived at the other ſide of the lake. The fiſherman, after he had aſſured me of the ſafety of my friend, began to expatiate on the dangers of this ocean, and on the ſkill, by which he had often extricated himſelf from the fury of the waves. I inwardly laughed at his exaggerations, and ſhould have contemptuouſly repeated the ſtory of his ſelf-applauded courage, and marine hardineſs, had I not, the next morning, ſeen the mighty effects of a terrible wind, which, incloſed by the mountains of the Lower Valais, and again more pent up by the rocks of St. Maurice, came ruſhing furiouſly upon the lake, and overturned, in an inſtant, a fiſhing boat, and two poor Vaudois. I

remember the ſtories of the fiſherman with horror: I ſee his ſhrugs, and feel the change of his phyſiognomy, as he related to me his perils; and I know not, but that he himſelf was ingulphed the next diſaſtrous morning.

After leaving the poor fiſherman, I returned more gaily than I went; and as he had pointed out to me the ſituation of St. Gingon, I ſat down, early the ſecond morning, on a corner of the wall a little to the weſt of the caſtle of Chillon*. There was no appearance of the bark; and the ſudden guſt of wind from the Valais, overpowered, as I have juſt ſaid, a fiſherman's boat. But the ſky ſoon again became ſerene: and a gentle weſtwardly breeze

* From this poſition is taken a very accurate and elegant drawing of this romantic and beautiful country, including the caſtle of Chillon, and terminated by the lofty and highly cultivated mountains above Bex.

breeze ſucceeded the ſtorm. No boat, however, appeared: my ideas were of a melancholy kind; and the baſtile of the Canton of Berne directed my reveries to the miſeries of confinement. I recollected the wonderous efforts, the Swiſs had made to purchaſe their liberty—their bloody battles with the Dukes of Auſtria, and Burgundy—the individual exertions of their patriots—and the romantic fable of William Tell. And yet, ſaid I, they have permitted the exiſtence of a ſtate priſon, where *Mon.' le Baillif* exerciſes more deſpotic ſway, than the governor of the French baſtile. A free and virtuous government ſhould not imitate the vices, and tyrannic practices of their more powerful neighbours; or why did they ever aſſert their independence againſt their *lawful* ſovereigns of Auſtria? At this moment a ſmall chaloupe

hoiſted ſail, and ſaluting the caſtle with its four ſwivels, directed its courſe to the Savoy ſide of the lake. The noiſe of the *guns* interrupted the courſe of my ideas; and when I arrived at Villeneuve, enquiring the ſtrength of the navy of Berne, I was informed, that this was the only *batiment* of the canton, in all their ports of the waters of Geneva.

As I was returning to Villeneuve, perceiving ſomething like a ſail, behind the floating iſlands, near the mouth of the Rhone, I flattered myſelf with the expectation of ſeeing my companion. The boat arrived; and by it I received a letter, informing me, that he would, that evening, proceed to Aigle. He had alſo been embaraſſed. When we prepared for the mountain expedition, we had exaggerated the difficulties, we ſhould

ſhould encounter, and we believed, that no piece of money, of greater value than a French crown, could be changed by the peaſants. Though our viaticum was not rich, it was heavy; and might have exceeded the weight of the iron riches of Lycurgus. I had depoſited, unfortunately, our heavy riches in a corner of my knapſack; and my companion, who for a long time thought that I carried the money, dreaded the ſame diſtreſs.

I could not follow him that evening: it rained; but the next morning, the ſuſpecting ſurly landlord, refuſing me the leſs expenſive guard of a boy, accompanied me to St. Maurice, and for his unparalleled condeſcenſion and politeneſs, extorted, beſides a handſome gratuity for his journey, a treble charge for remaining at his houſe.

The

The pleaſure of again meeting my companion, of recounting our little *triſtes* adventures, of being provided with money, may be well fancied, and I ſhall not offer to deſcribe it; but after ſurveying the mighty fall of Piſſe Vache *, we peaceably reſted the ſummer evening in the grande Salle at Martinach.

I ſeparated from my Engliſh cómrade among the Griſon Alps: we divided our ſtock of money, and each was the opulent poſſeſſor of five Louis, two Crowns and ſome Bleutzers. He came to England: but with this ſmall ſtock, I was determined to ſee the Glaciers of Shreckhorn. My reſolutions were piouſly formed, and as piouſly executed; and as an earneſt, I ſpent

* A very grand, and well known caſcade, near the entrance of the Valais.

I ſpent no more than thirteen * bleutzers, the firſt night of ſeparation. Will the rich and lazy *Voyageur* believe me, that, with this light purſe, I paſſed from the Griſons, by Zurich and Lucerne, to Brientz and Thun, over the paſs of Gemmi, down the Valais to Vevay, by Fribourg, Avenche, and Morat, to Berne, and Soleure, along the meandering ſtream of the Aar, by the weſtern banks of the lakes of Bienne and Neuchatel, to Yverdun; by the vallies of Travers and St. Imier, and the *Pierre pertuis*, to Baſle and Straſburgh; by the paſſe of Saverne, to Luneville and Nancy; from the capital of Lorraine to Beſançon; and from the Heights of Mont Jura, I deſcended

* A French crown (4s. 6d. or 4s. 9d. of our money) is divided into 40 batz of the Swiſs, or 160 creutzers, and into 234 bleutzers of the Griſons; and, at that rate, my night's expences amounted to little more than three pence.

ſcended into the charming Pays de Vaud, and to the commercial city of Geneva. I here expected, and I luckily found, a *Lettre de change*. If any expert geographer ſhould have the curioſity of meaſuring the route from Spluger, in the Griſons, to Geneva, by my circuitous tour, he will not find it a leſs diſtance, than ſeven hundred and forty geometrical miles*. But I muſt

* Walledſtadt - - - 54
Zurich - - - - 45
Brientz - - - - 60
Leuch - - - - 40
Martinach - - - 35
Fribourg - - - 55
Berne - - - - 30
Soleure - - - - 18
Yverdun - - - 40
Baſle - - - - 65
Straſbourg - - - 62
Nancy - - - - 60
Langres - - - - 60
Beſançon - - - 55
Geneva - - - - 60

739.

I muſt confeſs, when I arrived at Geneva, I could only number one French crown, a piece of twenty-one Genevan ſous, three batz, and two French ſous*. In the midſt of this poverty, and apprehenſive, as I ſhould have been, of my future deſtiny, I cannot point out any one day of life, ſo little charged with care, as was the moſt irkſome of theſe. I ſeldom dined; but generally reſted during the mid day rage, and peruſed the few books, I carried with me, often repeating the memorable words of Goldſmith,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy ſlow, &c."

This mode of travel frequently threw into my way the moſt diſtreſſed objects; but, except with a few ſous, or a humble cold repaſt, my purſe never permitted me to relieve them.

My

* Under ſix ſhillings.

My own miſeries were not the lighteſt; and from them I learnt how to open my ears to complaints, and aſſiſt a brother in adverſity. In the two excurſions I have taken on foot, I have experienced the moſt delightful, and ſometimes the moſt painful ſenſations. —I have ſeen the bleſſings of peace, and the miſeries of war—a country flouriſhing and gay—and villages burnt and deſerted; and if, amidſt the ruins of their houſes, I ſaw the remaining few of the neighbouring peaſants, collected for a dance, I have cheerfully aſſiſted them to forget their cares. In this chapter there may be ſomething of ſentiment, and much folly: my journeying was ſingular and capricious, and as the incidents are alternately ludicrous and ſerious, I ſhall finiſh with an anſwer an old woman made to our enquiries, with which, as the world may ſay, it ſuits pedeſtrian travellers,

travellers, it may be proper to close this chapter of folly.

Brouay is a village on the grand road between Condè and Valenciennes, distant about two miles from the latter; but as we wished to avoid both these towns, because every soul, and our own feelings, attested *que l'air n-y-etoit pas bon*, we walked by the banks of the river, in hopes of finding a place, where we could pass it. We inquired of an old woman the road to Mons—"*Pour aller a Gemappe?*" she replied, and we said, yes!—"You may pass," said she, "by the glacis of Valenciennes." "But the ruins?" said I:—she shook her head, and ejaculated "*Ces malheureuses bombes*, and by the glacis of Condè, you will see the waste of the inundation."—"*Oui! ma mere! mais pour aller par le chemin, le*

le plus court?" " *Je vous le dirai, mon enfant:—mais c'eſt le plus dangereux : il faut paſſer entre les deux villes, —par la maiſon de folie.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

PASSEEPORT.

HOWEVER ſentimental or virtuous, the traveller may be, was he as abſtracted from this world as the inhabitants of Venus, or of Georgium Sidus, he muſt not forget, that a paſſeport is neceſſary to his ſafety. If unfortunately, he is poor, he may apply to the foreign ambaſſadors in town: aſſuming the air of a man *comme il faut*, he may have the honour to be introduced to his excellency: or, perhaps, the ſecretary of embaſſy may gravely inquire, what he wiſhes. Your requeſt will be granted, for they wiſh not to take the trouble of diſcovering your real character; but will courteouſly

teouſly, introduce you to the notice of the *Officiers de garde*, in whatever noble or plebeian, ariſtocratic, or *canaille* garb, may ſuit your caprice, or flatter your vanity.

But if the *rich* and pampered, or the poor, but preſumptuous, will generouſly contribute to the liquidation of the debts of the ſtate; or if he wiſhes, by the trifling gratuity of two guineas, to make his bow in the office of the ſecretary of ſtate, or enter the venal walls of the treaſury, perhaps with the *ſeditious* hope of glancing at the lucrative ſeat of a treaſury minion, he may diſcover ſomething of the inſolence of office. Should his jacobinized mind have the daring preſumption to think, or his envious tongue utter a half ſmothered murmur againſt the modeſt fees of office, ſome diſintereſted ſupporter of our king and conſtitution,

ſtitution, will chide his inſolent reaſon, and, perhaps, to convince his avarice of their honeſt renumeration, will, ſilently and gravely, condeſcend to point to a handſome *gilt* picture frame. If the traveller has been curſed by any optical defects, or if his churliſh fortune has not provided him with a concave medium, he will be deprived of the happy beauties of the picture, and, unable to diſcern its juſtneſs and gilded ſymmetry, may loſe the opportunity of extolling our glorious conſtitution. Reader, you have been informed, that the men high in office are young: had you been preſent, or received a paſſeport, ſigned "Grenville," I hope you would not, like me, have applied "My lord" to the young man, who receives two guineas for granting you the liberty of ſojourning a week out of the kingdom.

Having

Having received my paſſeport: I haſtened, with gigantic ſtrides, and inflated dignity, to preſent it to "all the admirals, generals, governors, magiſtrates, and other officers, civil, as well as military, of the princes and ſtates, friends, and allies of his majeſty."—I little ſuſpected, that they would give, or permit to be given, any *empêchement*, as "William Baron Grenville of Wotton, privy counſellor of his majeſty, and alſo his ſecretary of ſtate for the foreign department," required, that they ſhould give "all aid and aſſiſtance."

My two guineas had, indeed, purchaſed the title of *Gentilhomme Anglois*, and extended, as I then thought, my right of travel, *dans le pays etrangér*: and as the paſſeport generouſly promiſed reciprocal advantages, and with the deluſive hope, that his majeſty's allies

allies would give me aid and assistance, I landed upon Belgic ground with mighty confidence. The Austrian comandant would have respected the arms, and signature of a British noble, and have permitted me to leave the town, "because the English follow the old system: they are the allies of my master *L'Empereur et roi.*"—But the English governor hesitated: and at last reluctantly marked out a very limited route to the adventurous excursion of 1793. He inquired minutely into the motives of the journey, but liberally demanded nothing for his trouble. I expected, that the ennobled secretary's passeport, would supersede the necessity of answering a governor's suspicious inquiries: but he had learnt, that though two guineas could purchase a sheet of paper, upon which was imposed *l'empreinte de nos Armes*, it did not purchase an unsuspected reputation.

Fortunately our allies, and ſubſidiary ſoldiers, in general, bow to the name of *Anglois*; and few only, ſavagely repeat " *Quel ſecretaire d'etat?*

I know not how it happened, but upon our firſt entry (1791) into France, we added, to my ignorance of the language, the want of a paſſeport; and in this deſtitute ſtate, we contrived to paſs, after our firſt interruption by *quelques cavaliers de Marechauſée*, through woods, and over rivers, as far as Soiſſons. We had little money: and there we hoped, our purſes would have been ſtrengthened by a remittance. We reſted ſix days in great ſuſpence; but, at laſt, wearied by a ſtate of expectation, long deferred, we reſolved to encounter the dangers of the road. Without a paſſeport, we heſitated to proceed. We recollected, that in paſſing by a country path from the road

road of Noyon to that of Compienne, but carefully avoiding both, we were ſaluted by a hot-headed democrat: he thought, he was watching for the good of his country: his intentions might be honeſt, but his conduct was not courteous; and he demanded our paſſeports in the name of the nation. By ſome means, we eluded his juſtice, and early the next morning, purchaſing our paſſage acroſs the Oiſe, near Bac-a-bellerive, quietly, though not without continual apprehenſions, purſued our journey to Soiſſons. So agitated was my mind, that I was a long time unhappy at the ſight of a national uniform; and to a ſimilar firſt impreſſion, many may, perhaps, attribute their hatred of French liberty.

By the recommendation of M. Le Fevre, *Aubergiſte a l'enſeigne de la croix d'or*, the mayor and the munici-

pal officers granted us permiſſion to travel *dans le royamme;* and will the Engliſh-ſecretary of ſtate believe my aſſertion, that theſe "roarers at the name of king," theſe enemies of peace and good order, theſe ruinous anarchiſts, extorted no more than five ſous for their trouble. The title of *Gentilhomme*, or what we pleaſed, is purchaſed for two guineas; but for five ſous, we were neceſſarily degraded to *les ſieurs-deux natifs de Londres*; and for our only recommendation to protection, we were indebted to the honeſt aſſertion of our hoſt, that we had lodged ten days with him, and had behaved *avec honneur et probite.*

Slender, as was this ſupport, we, however, paſſed thence to Turin: many ſolemn ſhakes of the head, and "*pas trop bonne*," convinced us, that it was neceſſary to be renewed. Though

vûs

vûs paſſer was written on it, till it was impoſſible to write any more, though atteſted by colonels, majors, captains, *conſignès, ſoldats de ligne, et de la garde nationale*, and though one inn-keeper had atteſted, by the commands of a Swiſs Marechauſée, that we had *ſlept* at his houſe, the cruel officer on guard at the gate of Turin, ordered, with the oſt ſuſpecting promptitude, that a rank and file, with fixed bayonets, ſhould attend us to the *caverne*. We had no appearance of better days: and the diſregard of our perſons had been ſo long habitual, that we could not lay aſide the mien of *ſans cullottes*, nor aſſume the hauteur of the free-born Engliſhman. The caverne, to which we were conſigned, was fortunately the town hall. Our examination was ſummary: we took ſhelter under the title of Engliſhmen; and the municipal deſpot, at length diſmiſſing

our other guards, ordered a long flaxen headed ſerjeant of the *garde du roi*, to conduct *ces deux garcons chez ſon excellence l'ambaſſadeur.*

The politeneſs of our reception was commenſurate with the appearance of way-worn pedeſtrians; and as the *miniſtre preparatif* was then ſpeculating upon the ſubmiſſive, and indolent mind of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, the caverne was intended to be changed into the leſs irkſome ſlavery of an Engliſh man of war. This, Mr. Trevor confeſſed to us, was the firſt thought, that ſtruck him, upon our entering his library. I know not how opinions are changed: but after very few preliminary queſtions, with, I preſume, ſatisfactory anſwers, he left his ambaſſadorial dignity, and ſmiling, aſked our little adventures. He again reſumed his chair, and prepared our paſſeports;

paſſeports: but what ſhall I ——? This *gentleman* is ——: this unfiniſhed anſwer drew his eyes to our perſons: "*Mais pourquoi ſans bas?*" "*Je crois que votre excellence n'a pas beaucoup voiagé à pie.*"—"*Non! jamais!*"—"*Cet equìpage eſt plus commode pour la marche.*" He ſmiled, gave us the gazettes to read; and kindly finiſhed our paſſeports. We were ſtiled "*Anglois faiſants un tour à pied pour leur amuſement en France, la Suiſſe et L'Italie*; but the venal example of the treaſury had not reached the houſes of our ambaſſadors abroad. *Gratis*, large as the moſt myop eye could diſcern, was written at the foot of the paſſeport: and a table of fruits, and wine, was hoſpitably ſet out in the adjoining room.

It was valuable for three months; but the firſt day from Turin, its authenticity was queſtioned: and the gover-

nor of the citadel of Caſal, defended, as he was, by baſtions and hornworks, dreaded to permit theſe two *ſans cullottes*, to paſs the Piemont Frontier. He, however, reluctantly ſigned the permiſſion to ſleep in his town. Man is ever deſirous of greater liberty, than he enjoys: although we had predetermined to remain in the town, the limited permiſſion of this military deſpot made us brave the danger of ſpending the whole night in the air.

After having often extricated ourſelves from many difficulties, to which our mode of travel, and dreſs hourly expoſed us, and having, with ſome ingenuity, eluded the inſidious ſtratagems of recruiting ſerjeants, we peaceably traverſed the dutchies of Milan and Mantua, ſkirted the ſtates of Venice, and from the city of Milan paſſed by the lakes of Como, and Chiavenna, and over the lofty

lofty pafs of Spluger, to the northern fide of the Alps—from the delicious vales, and mountainous beauties of the Italian Alps, to the vaft and favage fublimity of the Rheinwald—from the luxurious, fenfual, and enflaved melancholy of Italy, to the hardy, chafte, and free air of the Grifons—to thofe

——— " Hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales, the happy Grifons dwell."

Arrived at Spluger, my companion and I determined to part: his ftate of health did not permit him to bear fuch extreme fatigue; but how to journey? —Our paffeport could not be divided: Fortune, however, threw into our way, at this fmall collection of wooden fheds, a gentleman of the moft amiable manners. He was not inveſted with the dignity of an ambaffador, nor was he *Monf. le Baron:* but the difcerning government had properly appreciated

his abilities, and conferred on him the office of *Landamman-en charge du Reinwald.*

In the cantons, or among the allies of the Swifs, the eafe of the traveller is little difturbed by the infolence of the Marechauffée: the minds of the natives are as free, as the air they breathe; but fome rumours of infurrections had fo awakened the dozing jealoufy of the Swifs, that in contempt of the paffeport of an ambaffador of his Britannic Majefty, authenticated by the good Martin Tremp, of the Reinwald, the officer, on guard, refufed, that *ces deux pauvres diables* fhould eat a breakfaft in the city of Zurich. They would not receive us: but, in the true fpirit of philofophy, we refufed to fhake the duft from off our feet, or curfe the guilty city.

I had

I had not three days left this unbelieving city, and was travelling along the edges of the canton of Underwaldt, in the pleasing company of two well informed Valaisans, when our attention was commanded by the cries of a woman. We returned: "*Die Wacht*, the barrier of the canton of Berne—shew your passeports." "What! a woman!" said the officer, who had served in a Swiss regiment of Spain, "the first time—*c'est une chose unique*—I have fought *Monsr. L'Anglois*, at Minorca, and at Gibraltar, against your brave countrymen—and I live to be stopt by a woman. *Non! allons camarades-courage!*"—and he led us away from, what he thought, so much debasement. "This seldom happens;" said the negociant, "a woman would rather shew you how to pass the porte—*nos femmes en Suisse sont sauvages.*" A little more merriment, and some *equivoques*, cooled

the wounded pride of our warrior; and we ſoon plodded, more peaceably, and in ſilent admiration of the ſublime appearances of the mountains of Berne.

In the autumn of 1791, the national aſſembly decreed, full licence to paſs and repaſs throughout the realm, and that no one, native or foreigner, ſhould be obliged to ſhew a paſſeport. The decree was evidently taken from the liberties of England: but the exigencies of the times ſoon made it neceſſary to be repealed. I was happy to know, I was free: and to the gay peaſants, I extolled the juſtice of the law; "and 'tis the ſame in my country."—"Yes, *Anglois*, we are brothers." "Are not all mankind brothers?"—"None, but Engliſh and French, know the bleſſings of liberty."

Upon

Upon the frontiers of Dauphinè, as I deſcended a ſmall paſſe of the mountains, I was met by ſome national guards, of the village of *Le Buis* ; their behaviour was courteous and friendly. *Où alléz vous ?*—to Grenoble. Where do you ſleep ?—At Piol—*à Piol* was repeated by every mouth, and reſounded by the vaſt rocks, which, at that place, ſeemed to have confined us. " At Piol we embraced ſome comrades going to the frontiers," and ſhewing me their ſabres, we will conquer or die.—" But you, my friend, are not of this country ? "—" No, I am of England." " Lo ! a brother—*il faut l'embraſſer :* "—with their naked ſabres, pointed to the ſetting ſun, they ſwore to fight, and die for liberty. *Mais Anglois ! pourquoi non allons ! avec votre ſabre de bois.* Prudence required, that I ſhould immediately join them, and could an Engliſhman refuſe

refuſe to ſwear, that he was a friend of liberty? The phlegm of my conſtitution prevented the exact imitation of their frantic vows, and my prejudices ſhuddered at *embraſſons nous.* My ſlowneſs was ſoon attributed to political principles; and *d'ou venez vous?* harſhly ſpoken by one, recalled the national guards to reaſon. "*Your paſſeport?*"—"but the national aſſembly"—I was intending to obey their laws, and refuſed to ſhew it. Jealous of their new acquired liberty, they viewed me from head to foot: and ſome of them thought, they ſaw an ariſtocratic mien, whilſt they all allowed my dreſs to be that of a *veritable ſans-cullotte.* "You are right, my comrades—*et cet aïr! n'eſt il pas celui d'un apôtre de la liberté.*" I now ſhewed my paſſe: but *près de ſa Majeſtè la roi, de Sardaigne,*" again ſtaggered them; and "you come from Sardinia?"

Sardinia?"—"No; from Piemont."—"*Mais c'eſt au roi de Sàrdaigne.*" He was an ariſtocrat: concluſion followed concluſion: our ambaſſador, *quoi qu'il fût Anglois*, was an ariſtocrat; and I was travelling, with theſe falſe colours, as a ſpy for the princes. The numerous *vû paſſer* were of no value, till one honeſt looking guard *des hautes Alpes* directed their attention to the indorſement, made at Beſançon by the municipal officers. Strange, that municipality could ſave, whilſt royalty, and ariſtocracy might have deſtroyed me!!! I was now reſtored to favour, to liberty, and then *bon voyage, mon ami:* and I haſtened to repoſe my wearied limbs at the next village.

I was not diſpoſed for ſociety: but ſome courteous *Dauphinois*, who had alſo been accompanying their fellow villagers, on the road to the frontiers, and elated with

with wine, invited me moſt warmly to join their party. I declined: they preſſed: I heatedly refuſed; but was immediately obliged to ſhew my paſſeport. A ſevere altercation took place: a naked ſabre did not recall me to reaſon; and I continued obſtinate, till one of them madē a ſtroke at me. I retreated, and received the ſmalleſt poſſible cut under the noſe. "Does it not ſmell of blood?"—"Yes," returned I, with French Gaſconade, "of the blood of the brave."—"You do not fear," ſaid another—"No! an Engliſhman—an innocent man, knows no fear." They thought, I was alluding to my country, rather than to my innocence. "But one Engliſhman cannot fight two or three of us." I allowed the equality of man; and they beſtowed upon me, the character of firmneſs.—"Yes," ſaid I, "*c'eſt la liberté, qui rent les Anglois fermes*"—"*Il en eſt de*

de même de nous." I had touched the favourite chord; it vibrated, till every heart was harmonized.

In theſe unhappy times, the moſt trifling accident creates ſuſpicion: in the republics of France, of Switzerland, and Venice, or in the kingdoms of Europe, the traveller is charged with the intention of ſubverting the thrones, of ſeducing the people from their allegiance to their lawful ſovereigns, or with the royal wiſh of re-eſtabliſhing tyranny. If any of my readers are inclined for an excurſion upon the continent, among the allied forces, let me adviſe, that he provides himſelf with the paſſeport of the Imperial envoy. The ſoldiers of Germany reſpect the *black eagle*, imprinted upon his paſſeports, more than they reſpect reaſon, or England. Their maſter may acknowledge the generous influ-

ence

ence of Britiſh money; but in Britiſh arms, ſeeing nothing of the "Majeſty Imperial, Royal, and Apoſtolic," the German ſoldier treats a common paſſeport with contempt, and bends his proud head to none, but Cæſar.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

HOWEVER various and amuſing may be the incidents, and anecdotes of the journey, you cannot altogether forget your country, and your friends, or forbid the memory to recall the pleaſures of youth. Your country may be dear to you; but the anxiety of friends, the fondneſs of a mother, or the more tender ſolicitudes of love demand, and obtain a paramount attention. I know not, if the French imitate the cuſtom, practiſed by Engliſh ſailors.—I think they do not—of remembering once a week our friends,

" our

" our ſweathearts, and wives." Being born in a ſea-port town, and accuſtomed to hear the rough, and imperious voice of a father, frequently repeat the toaſt, I ſeldom omitted to drink, every Saturday night, *à nos bonnes amies.* I frequently explained the meaning of the cuſtom: it was, generally, thought good, and it ſeldom failed to direct the converſation to the habits, cuſtoms, and prejudices of Engliſhmen, and ſailors. The Italian dilated on the riches, and reſources of our country; and the Frenchman unwillingly allowed us the merit, or demerit of being the deſpots of the ocean—*des diables a la mer.* If national prejudice involves many a brave, and courageous ſeaman in the fatal miſtake, that ſingle handed, " he can beat ten Mounſeers;" national vanity prompts the Frenchman to inſinuate, with his compliments to Engliſh valour, and

power,

power, that his country is ſtrong, both by ſea and land; and late experience, or the obſtinacy of miniſters, have woefully taught us, that they are "an armed nation."

With an Engliſh companion, your converſation would ſometimes incline to the recital of your friendſhips: *à nos bonnes amies* would quickly flaſh upon the mind, *les petittes affaires de cœur.* Saturday night was to me the moſt agreeable of the week; and although, like an induſtrious man, I ſhould have arranged the accounts of the laſt ſeven days, friendſhip, and love will forgive me, if I ſacrificed to their more delicious ſenſations, to Bacchus, and heart-eaſing mirth, the irkſome demands of care. But more exquiſite, than the pleaſure of remembering your friends, is the heart-felt ſatisfaction of being remembered by them.

Abſence

Abſence operates, as powerfully, to cement the obligations of friendſhip, as, lovers ſay, it quickens the flame of love.

Letter writing is, in general, eſteemed a trouble; but letters of Friendſhip are written with pleaſure; and if your acquaintances, who are enjoying their family conſolations, knew half the ſenſation, ſo ſmall a mark of their remembrance affords to the traveller, they would not deny you a gratification, which coſts them ſo little. One letter, in particular, electrified me: I had been three months from England, which I had left without the knowledge of my friends, and had, in that time, received only one letter. It commanded my immediate return; but the deſire of ſeeing the continent, in this eccentric way, and the pleaſures I had already taſted, prevented obedience.

I had

I had mentioned Straſbourg, as a probable place of finding me; but on account of the diſregard to a parent's commands, I knew not what to expect; and I went ſlowly to the poſt office, in the moſt painful ſuſpence. There was none—I then demanded, if there was not a letter addreſſed *à Mr.* ———; I opened it with trepidation; and finding the arms of my parent open to receive me, I burſt into tears. I went to the inn; and having aſked for paper, endeavoured to commit my gratitude, and feelings to an impreſſion, more durable than memory. Ideas crowded upon ideas: but they were confuſed; and when I attempted to ſelect them, my hand had ſo ſympathiſed with the convulſions of the mind, that it could not hold a pen. The kind-hearted *fille de la maiſon*, who was witneſs to the effect, but could not divine the cauſe, ran away, and returning, with ſome

ſome *eau de vie*, inſiſted I ſhould take *un bon coup*.

I related this ſingular ſenſation to an Engliſh gentleman, with whom I accidently met in Savoy, and paſſed the lake from Meillierie to Vevay. We had been enjoying the delicious reveries of Rouſſeau; and from the ſtone, upon which St. Preux wrote to Julia, he, perhaps, had caught ſome of the ſparks of his paſſion. He had before ſpoken ſomething of a lady, whoſe name he either concealed, or did not know, but of whom he frequently, and tremuouſly half uttered—"*Ma petitte—ma bonne—ma charmante.*" I enquired, if ſhe was not a French lady—then I preſumed, ſhe knew French: "I thought ſo too," ſaid he, "at firſt;"—ſhe has been at Paris—at Notre Dame; and her laſt parting words commanded me, to offer up an

Ave

Ave Maria for her there. Fate did not direct me thither; "but I am charged," said he, "with this dear commission, and though our attachment, by a cruel authority, is broken, or suspended, I will most devoutly obey her, and run through my string of beads, to serve her, the next time I go to Paris—I will remember, that she has been there." "But why sigh, my friend?"—he shook his head,—"My dreams of happiness are blasted," said he; and he burst into tears. I was anxious to divert his mind from the recollection of what seemed to imbitter his pleasures, and proposed, that we should go to Madame ———'s ball, that evening, at Vevay. He returned me no answer; his tears were suddenly stopt; in a moment his tenderness turned into rage, and he exclaimed, "Deceit—art—unrequited love!"—I knew not the meaning of this sudden

exclamation, and calmly attended the *denouement.* His paſſions ſuddenly took another courſe: and afterwards becoming more tranquil, he began to relate to me the ſingular effect of an intereſting love-letter.

* During the war in Brabant, ſaid he, I reſolved to follow the fortunes of the Patriots; and as the cauſe of liberty ſounds well in the ears of all good men, and preſuming, that Bruſſels would be the radius of a circle, which might extend, I knew not how far, towards the capital of the German Cæſar, I deſired, that *ma petitte* would addreſs

* This converſation took place, ſometime in the ſummer of 1791, and from the age of my ſuſceptible companion, I preſume, he muſt have alluded to the war, called "Patriotic," which aroſe in the Auſtrian Low Countries, at the inſtigation of the prieſts, and for the preſervation of images, and religious houſes. Joſeph wiſhed to cleanſe the Augean ſtable, but he wanted the *prudent* ſtrength of Hercules.

addreſs to me her firſt letter to Coblentz. I need not mention to you the fortune of the war: the ſudden reverſe involved many of my countrymen in the moſt diſtreſſing dilemmas; and the thouſands, or hundreds, which many had expended, in raiſing of regiments, or companies, were all loſt in a moment. Treachery, or the ignorance of the military leaders, made our patriot bands, an eaſy conqueſt to the diſcipline of the Imperial regiments; and the plains of the *ſoi diſant* Belgia were quickly overrun by the troops of Huſſars, Croats, and Sclavonians, thirſting after the blood and ravage, they had indulged in, during the Turkiſh campaign. The boldeſt of the ſons of Belgia fell under the military and inexorable juſtice of theſe foreigners, or by the orders and clemency of Cæſar. The fortune of the war, and the unſettled ſtate of the Luxemburghs,

prevented me from purſuing my journey in the peaceable garb of a citizen; and not having the honour of bearing a commiſſion, I durſt not aſſume the dangerous uniform of a ſoldier. I had ſeen, and I dreaded, the ſummary puniſhment of the muſquet. The roads were at length cleared of the army followers; and I purſued my journey by Luxemburgh and Trêves to Coblentz.

"I have rambled far," ſaid he, "and had not Coblentz reminded me of the reaſon of beginning this ſtory, I ſhould have, perhaps, forgot her and it for ever."—I looked at him: his phyſiognomy appeared, as I believe, his mind was, rather bewildered: but after a moment's pauſe, taking his eyes from the ground, he wildly fixed them upon me: he ſeemed big with his tale, but had again forgot it. He ſuddenly ejaculated

ejaculated—" Yes! Coblentz"—and went on—" I ran to the poſt office:" " but the Grand Guard?"--" don't diſturb me," ſaid he, " my duty to my miſtreſs--and the ſoldier did not prevent me. The Mozelle was full, and I deſcended in a boat, night and day: I ran to the poſt"—" *la poſte aux lettres?* "--" *Oui!*--received, and greedily opened it--I was muſing on her goodneſs--fondling, folding, and unfolding her letter: my eyes obſerved the characters: but my mind was with her. I finiſhed the letter; yet I knew not, what it contained. The poſtmaſter, who had ſeen my eager fondneſs, and politely waited to the end of the dream, now offered me the change, and aſked me, if I had ſeen the Ducheſs of Devonſhire. He ſhewed me a letter to her--*poſte reſtante.* My ſenſes were abſorbed: I gave him no anſwer; but

turning to the guard, chided his impatience with a piece of twenty creutzers. Military ſeverity, by this means, ſoftened into a ſmile. From the grand guard to the comandant, *poſte reſtante* filled my mind; and taking out my letter along with my paſſeport, I inconſiderately gave it into the comandant's hand: *ce n'eſt pas votre paſſeporte*, ſaid the Pruſſian officer, who then commanded in the town. I bluſhed; I gave my paſſe with one hand, and receiving my letter with the other, I ſecretly put it to my mouth, and kiſſing it, ſhrugged admiration, and love of the dear writer.

" I was diſmiſſed with contempt, and though an *Anglois*, ſuſpected to be a fool; and I dare ſay," ſaid he, "my phyſiognomy was diſtracted." " 'Tis not ſettled now," ſaid I: he was not affronted

affronted with my ſincerity; and after a few pauſes, and heſitating, what was next, proceeded in his narration.

" I went to the Imperial arms; and ſitting down in the far corner of the *ſalle à manger*, opened her letter, with an intention to read, and remember it. Her mind was variouſly agitated; and my ſenſations were elevated, or depreſſed with her's: if ſhe was melancholy, I was not volatile: if ſhe ſoared by her own, or by another's wings, to heaven, if ſhe aſſumed, or was indued with, the robes of a deity, I could no longer ſupport the condition of a man--weak and frail. She was a deity, enthroned in heaven; but if my penſive gloomy mind forbad me to aſpire to the pre-eminence of Jupiter, I hoped, if I could obtain the place of Saturn, I ſhould be within the radiance of her benignity. In this

elevated ſeat, I could not hope for a gradual deſcent; and if any cruel change took place, which fate forbid, and I was no changeling, Jupiter, ſaid I, will reſpect the ſeat of the father of the gods, and ſhaded by the laurel of Apollo, his thunderbolt, rolling on my head, will forbear to craſh me into my original nothingneſs."

" I don't underſtand you," ſaid I, " my friend." He ſunk into a deep reverie: he returned to himſelf; and when I related to him his account of melancholy, of ſaturnity, in heaven, he ſeemed inclined to explain--uttered a few words--and then making a pauſe, and with a wild unmeaning look, " *ma bonne* will underſtand it."

I endeavoured to change the ſubject: I ſpoke of Mr. Gibbon, and his retirement at Lauzanne; and he noticed

ticed General Pfiffer's excellent model of that intereſting country; but his ideas were, every moment, returning to his *bien aimèe.* I then attempted to divert his attention to the charms of a a lady, he had ſeen at Luſtri; but this was as ineffectual; for the reſpect, he had ſeemed to pay to her, aroſe, he confeſſed, from the ſimilarity of features, and the happy benevolence of phyſiognomy.—" Otherwiſe," ſaid he, " to compare my benevolent, my tender-hearted, my melancholy---with any thing of feminine, I then ſhrank from, I ſhould ſtain her fair name: no chymic power, no ages of contrition could efface it." He continued to rave in this incoherent manner, frequently exclaiming, " Bleſſed inſenſibility!" the boatmen continually directed their eyes to him: but as we ſpoke in Engliſh, they knew not what to think. He alternately was calm,

and in a moment returned to expreſſions of rage, and diſappointment---"Look here!" ſaid he: "this ribbon I wear, in the place of a taliſman, ſhe gave me: it ſhould preſerve me from war, and peſtilence; and whilſt I wore it, I could not altogether drive her away from my thoughts. She breathed upon it, as I then fondly thought, with the breath of ſanity, and perfection; and however changed my opinion, my heart ſtill loves the dear deceiver." As he uttered theſe laſt words, his phyſiognomy ſeemed much convulſed: he reclined his head, and ſeemed dejected--then he raved, and appeared indignant at her deceit, or at his own weakneſs--but ſoon again ſoftened into tenderneſs. "Could not pity," ſaid he, "touch my heart; as I expected mercy from that God, in whom I believed, could I perſecute, with unexampled cruelty, a woman I once profeſſed

feſſed to love? That dear woman, who never injured me, even in thought?--What gratification---what happineſs could I propoſe to myſelf, in adding daily to the miſeries of her, who, heaven knows, was ſufficiently tortured, both in mind and body?--Could her total deſtruction be neceſſary to my repoſe?" He looked attentive at me, and then ſighed; "but where, alas! is vaniſhed that boaſted honour, liberality of ſentiment, nobleneſs, greatneſs of ſoul, ſhe fondly believed, I poſſeſſed?" He raved--was ſilent--ſtood up--ſat down--murmured--but ſhe ſtill was an angel. I calmly enquired, how he had loſt the taliſman--he furiouſly exclaimed, he had burnt it. Tenderneſs again ſoothed his paſſions; but when I wiſhed to know the reaſon of thus treating her gift, he looked wiſtfully in my face, and with a grave motion of his head, replied, "'tis a

ſtory too long to be told." He pauſed: --" I will yet," ſaid he, " offer up an Ave Maria for her, the next time I go to Paris: "--but when he arrives there, finding Notre Dame, conſecrated to reaſon, and the republic, he will return to the boſom of his friends.

By this time, the boat had arrived within one hundred yards of the port of Vevay. We walked, arm in arm, up to the inn; and, in order to expel his melancholy vapours, I inſiſted, that he ſhould accompany me to the converzatione of Madame ———; " and to-morrow, the day of my nativity," ſaid I, " we will gratify our minds with the charms, and in acts of benevolence." His nature was generous; but fortune had not been bountiful. I was aſtoniſhed at his ſilence: he had ſomething to ſay, but he heſitated. His mind was ſombrous; and his advice,

vice, though good, was rather ill-timed:--" Beware," ſaid he, " that your acts of benevolence are not prompted by the gratifications of pleaſure: the pure ſtreams of virtue, and goodneſs, if the fountains, from which they ſpring, are abundant, ſoon loſe themſelves, in the deſert of life, amidſt the ſands of pride, vanity, fame, and enjoyment. Time is for ever on the wing; and before to morrow's Aurora, his ſcythe may cut down the blade of our exiſtence. We are both launched on the ocean of life: I have liſtened, too attentively, to the ſyren voice of pleaſure; but do you beware of the ſoft attractions of the world. I think, you are not volatile; I lament, that my nature was not impregnated with a more copious portion of apathy. You have witneſſed to day the moſt unhappy ſenſations of the human mind; and from my diſaſtrous fortune, learn

to

to enjoy the uncontrouled poſſeſſion of yourſelf."

After a cup of coffee, and in the company of ſome foreign gentlemen, the converſation aſſumed a very different form. We walked upon the eminences, above this delicious villa, and continued a long philoſophic and religious diſcuſſion, till a late hour of the evening. As we were ſo happy, we declined any other company; and I forebore, this Saturday night, my weekly cuſtom of toaſting my friends, or more tender connections. The approach of Sunday turned the converſation to the follies, and vices, errors, or goodneſs of mankind, to the religious prejudices, and intolerant ſpirit of the catholic faith. Born in the golden reign of philoſophy, we equally derided the auſtere manners of Calvin, and the ſplendid ignorance of Rome,

Rome, and her disciples; and, with contempt, admired the joyous faces of the Hebrew people, kindly released by the twelfth hour, from the ceremonious discharge of the duties of the Judaic sabbath.

As this night precedes the holy day, which men were told to consecrate to the higher duties of their nature, to God, and to rest, we should all, with pious awe, upon the threshold of the temple, be ready, as far as we can, or believe, to praise the glorious book, which contains the sacred truths. Truth, however, is universal; but how small a portion of the universe obey the laws, which christians say, are the word of God, and for whose honour, for our altars, our king, and liberties, and for the protection of social order, the kings and ministers of Europe are now waging the most murderous

murderous war, recorded in modern hiſtory. If truth is univerſal, and the dicta of chriſtians are inſpired truths, why confine its divine operation to a ſeventh only of the human ſpecies? Or when they were revealed, were a thouſand emanations of the Godhead, at the ſame moment, miraculouſly conceived, born, and murdered by human hands; and did they unfold, and comment upon thoſe ſacred truths, in the thouſand worlds, created by the ſame breath of Omnipotence? Are not all his children, in an inſtant created, ſince protected, by the equal ſuperintending care of the father? Are all the other worlds, immerſed in greater darkneſs, or illuminated by his more effulgent brightneſs? Are we the moſt favoured, or the youngeſt ſtep-ſons of his providence? Are the inhabitants of the thouſand worlds, equally the prey of tyrants and each other,

other, doomed to misery, and want, oppreſſed by one, or an hundred lords? Does the fell fiend of war, everywhere, ſtalk over the kindred worlds, and more than *tithe* the honeſt labours of the poor? Are the people, everywhere, ſlaves and tranquil, or ſtruggling into liberty? Have the thouſand millions of worlds been ordered to celebrate hebdomadal thankſgivings? And are the modern French, alone, permitted to inſtitute national, and decadary feſtivals, and loudly chaunt the hymns of liberty, in the temples of reaſon? Shall we, blind mortals, dread the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, or with fonder hope, expect the regeneration of the univerſe? Shall we, obedient to the interpretations of our chriſtian maſters, devoutly and ſoberly lament the calamities of our country, whilſt regardleſs of national misfortunes, and in ſoft imitation of Eaſtern manners,

manners, Engliſh miniſters, in contempt of royal authority, of the ſufferings of the poor, and of the general humiliation, live in chambering and wantoneſs, and after the carouſels of the evening, but in proof of their ſincere attachment to the intereſts of religion, reel to the faſt, ordained by royal proclamation?

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

SUNDAY.

I HAD ſeen the ſolemn, holy, appearance of this day in England, and admired the reverent demeanour of my countrymen; and when we had paſſed our firſt Sunday at Abberville, I expected, that all the uſages of mankind ſhould accord with the manners and habits of Engliſhmen. Leſs ſombrous than my friend at Vevay, you had happily contraſted the occaſional gaiety of catholiciſm, emanating from the gloom of devotion, with the ſolemn and preciſe ſeverity of Scottiſh puritans. Having ſeen the ſilent and punctilious obſervance

obſervance of the Lord's day, I was aſtoniſhed at the gay and happy countenance of *Dimanche*. Every thing around me was new, noiſy, and buſtling; and at Abbeville, I ſaw the ſabbaoth, converted into a holiday.

During the many Sundays, I have ſojourned on the continent, I have been much ſurprized at the variety of religious worſhip; ſometimes melancholy with the gloom of Calvin, cheered by the mild light of Luther, or my reaſon enchained by the ceremonious ſplendour of the *veritable* religion, and my ſenſes faſcinated by the melody of muſic, and the pomp of worſhip. Once my religious faith was confirmed on an Eaſter eve: and in the ſudden tranſition, from darkneſs and doubt, to light and conviction, I joined the plaintive ſorrow of Maria Magdelena: " they have taken away my

my Lord, and I know not, where they have lain him." *

Sunday, on the continent, is a day of pleaſure, of joy, and dance; the prieſts encourage it; and even the good biſhop of Cambray, the benevolent Fenelon, approved theſe weekly relaxations of the people. Near Soiſſons, at a ſmall village on the right banks of the Aiſne, I ſaw the evening amuſements of Sunday: the villagers were, from a league round, collected, and numerous parties of Soiſſonnais aſſiſted to

* In ſeveral towns, which acknowledge catholiciſm, but particularly at Cologne and Munſter, they celebate Eaſter eve with every ſolemnity, that craft can deviſe, or devotion acquieſce in. The church, hung in black, and darkened, is, in a moment, lighted up, and Mary Magdalen, dreſſed in white, and ſpotleſs as faith, comes ſorrowing out of a grave, in the middle aiſle: and the whole congregation joins this hapleſs virgin, and the ſympathiſing bands of angels, in lamenting the loſs of our Seigneur.

to diverſify the motley group. The number of the company might be five hundred; and as it was in ſummer, they were all ſeated on benches in the open air. Their dreſs was varied, as their condition; but their countenances were all happy, gay, and expreſſive. They regaled themſelves with coffee, cyder, or wine: each one followed his own, or his miſtreſs's taſte; and the married brought their children to join, or to learn, the feſtive dance. Some wore the garb of citizens: a few only were content with their ruſtic habits; but all carried the enormous military hat, or what the intereſted hat manufacturers had falſely intitled *chapeau à l'Angloiſe.* Two young men, who, my Soiſſonnais companion told me, were *diablement riches,* artfully uniting the appearance of an affection for liberty, with a more tender regard for vanity, ſtruggled to dance in Engliſh boots.

Five

Five muſicians aſcended an elevated ſeat; and after turning the fan part of their hats in front, and reclining their heads moſt attentively *à gauche*, to attune their violins, they ſtraightened, and boldly ſummoned the company to begin—*ça-ira—ça-ira—ça-ira*. I had never before heard the tune; and in the notes, I found nothing intereſting. I was immediately chided for my indifference, by two *dames*, whom my companion and tutor, wiſhing to inſtruct me in what I could ſee as well as a Frenchman, intitled, *pas jeunes—pas trop belles*: "*Ce petit air, M. L'Anglois,*" ſaid they, "*eſt conſacrè à la liberté.*" The ſymphony was ended; and many parties, in a moment, were ranged, *en rond*, to dance to this favourite tune. Theſe were ſucceeded by new partners: the animation increaſed with the evening freſhneſs, and at nine o'clock, the little green was filled

filled by ten *contredances*, and ſurrounded by ſome hundred ſpectators. As we returned along the promenade, between the river and the town, we met crowds of Bourgeois, walking, or repoſing upon the benches. The dignitaries of the church were pointed out to me by my democrat friend: "Do not they walk *bien triſtement? voyez les!*" He then ſhewed me a non-juring clergyman; and, after loading him with an unnatural epithet, he turned my attention to three deſmoiſelles, whom he allowed to be *charmantes-bien degagèes, bien polies*; but as they had had the misfortune to be born of the ancient nobleſſe, they did not poſſeſs, in his mind, a common portion of virtue, or goodneſs. Their appearance, their penſive air, or their ſex, excited a commiſeration in my breaſt: but this inflexible *ſans cullotte* would not permit me to indulge a moment's ſympathy.

ſympathy. "*Allons! marchèz plus vite,*" and he hurried me in an inſtant to the door of the theatre, *pour entendre l'intereſſante hiſtoire de Jean de Calas, miſe en comedie.*

This was a Sunday evening in France: the morning, however, is ſomething different there, as well as in the other catholic countries. The *meſſe* is celebrated at a very early hour: to the church the catholic goes laden with his ſins; and having depoſited his iniquities at the foot of ſome guardian ſaint, he returns with gaiety, and lightneſs, to meditate upon the commiſſion of new follies. The wooden or ſtone *dieux* of the mountains, and the gilded crucifixes of the richer vallies, receive, this morning, very early teſtimonies of the religious adoration of the people; and at a late hour of the evening, the ſame fanatics, then cha-

 racterizing

racterizing the jocund votaries of Bacchus and Venus, insult the divinity of the virgin, her son, or the saints; and surcharged with the pleasures of the evening, piously return to the labours of the ensuing week. The bigot will bow, murmur an Ave Maria, and with many mystical crosses, demean himself, abject and servile, before "the work of men's hands," and will rail at the peaceable protestant, or philosophic traveller, if he insults not his own reason to flatter catholic credulity, and by a species of inexplicable transubstantiation, does not blasphemously convert the inanimate image, into the ineffable majesty of the Godhead. The dispensations, which pious craft devoutly sells, and profane riches easily purchase, conscientiously contribute to the violation of the laws of the decalogue, and morality: but the pious faith of the believer,

believer, would be alarmed, and ſtartle, if your hand ſhould touch, or an unruly blaſt ſhould ruffle the conſecrated picture of the holy virgin, or if a poor lame beggar, who could not reach his home without aſſiſtance, ſhould dare to touch one of the crutches, which the piety of a brother Claudus had depoſited in the chapel, in honour of the tutelary ſaint.

In the Tarentaiſe, (a diſtrict among the mountains of Savoy) the poor inhabitants were hurrying along the narrow, and confined gorge of the Iſêre, to the church of Sainte Foi: ſome were leaning over the church-yard wall; and greater numbers, who had been preſent at the firſt maſs, and were completely purified, were in the adjoining cabaret, ſtupifying themſelves with their ſour wine, or relaxing their devotional ſolicitudes, and preparing for

the ſucceeding veſpers, by altercations at cards. Having been informed, that the poor Savoyard was honeſt and religious, patient and ſubmiſſive, I began to anticipate the immoral inclinations, artful and unruly tempers of the Italians; and had I flitted from the noiſy Iſêre, to the plains of the Milaneze, I ſhould not have known which to have deſpiſed the more—the honeſt patience of the mountaineer, or the implacable iraſcibility of Italy.

In the cities of Pavia and Breſcia, I ſaw the *domenica* of the nobility, and moſt excellent Signors: in the country, the gambols and amuſements of the people. At Montecaro, though we had convivially toaſted our friends till a late hour of Saturday night, we aroſe at four in the morning; and at that early hour, ſaw numerous parties of this lively people advance, with fear, trembling,

trembling, and moſt guilty awe, to the portals of the church. A ſingle, myſtical touch of the holy water enlivened their gloom; and before they had finiſhed the routine of preparatory expiation, their phyſiognomy was illuminated with the glory of virtue. After the myſterious diſcharge of the morning ceremonial, the pious bigot flies to the gratifications of pleaſure, and purſues his inclinations, till the evening veſpers again ſummon him to devotion. The houſes of entertainment overflow with ſenſualiſts, noiſy, and iraſcible; and if any one of them has ever ſeen the ſober demeanour of Sunday in England, he, with reaſon, demands, "*Le dimanche — n'eſt il pas triſte dans votre pays?*"

In a village near Breſcia, I ſaw an altercation at cards ſo violent, that I dreaded the commiſſion of murder; and

I muſt confeſs, my inability to deſcribe their horrid oaths. Their eyes darted rage, and the keeneſt malice; and every violent geſture, and threatening motion, which paſſion could invent, or of which the body is capable, were convulſively given, and retorted, to inflame the minds of the antagoniſts: every thing was confuſed—all conſpired to murder ——. The veſper bell was rung: the animoſity in a moment ceaſed: the cards, that had not been loſt in the confuſion, were quietly, and ſerenely laid upon the tables: and thoſe, who in another corner of the room were drinking, ſuddenly took the glaſs from their mouths. An awful calm ſucceeded this tremendous tempeſt. The men looked ſerious; and as if by a ſudden impulſe, aroſe from their ſeats, and taking off their hats, muttered, with many holy ſigns of the croſs, a ſoothing Ave Maria. The pious ejaculations were

were ſpeedily finiſhed; and, in a moment, the company reſumed their ſeats, glaſſes, cards, and altercations. In half an hour, theſe good religious men peaceably walked out to chapel. The two Engliſhmen, however, leſs *virtuouſly* inclined, remained in the oſteria, and with ſilent, but fervent devotion, worſhipped the generous divinity of Bacchus.

But at the Grande Chartreuſe, which the intelligent reader knows, is ſituated on the confines of Dauphinè, in a ſecluded part of the mountains, I have ſeen a more violent contraſt. Having, with awful ſilence, entered the confines of this ſacred retirement, I proceeded, with cautious ſteps, along the narrow meadow to the gate of the monaſtery. I was loudly hailed by the national ſoldiers on guard, and though an heretic, heartily welcomed by the

coadjutor; and after a moderate repaſt of apples, bread, and wine, was conducted by him, through all the galleries of the building, to ſome of the private cells, and thence, by my moſt earneſt ſolicitations, to the chapel. I was there a witneſs to the moſt abſurd ceremonies, the moſt abject devotion and debaſement, to genuflections, holy wild and myſterious ſigns of the croſs, ſubmiſſive bows of the head, ringing of a bell, and many applications of his forehead to the pavement—advancing to, and ſuddenly retreating from, the altar. I concluded, that nothing of this world belonged to theſe pious fathers; and as a ſoldier, in the vale of Grenoble, had acquainted me, that meat, nor women, ever entered theſe ſacred walls, I was convinced, that the venerable reſidents muſt live upon very airy food. But in the kitchen, I obſerved a very different appearance of the good things of the

the world; and from the numerous cooks and attendants on the thirty-seven monks, who then were in the houſe, I preſumed, that they enjoyed every delicate variety, which art could give to their numerous diſhes of fiſh, vegetables, and luxurious deſerts. Malicious wits have circulated many idle ſtories of the Brunonian monks; but the pious purity of the monaſtic life, and the credulous faith of the preſent age, have conſigned ſuch cruel, and groundleſs aſperſions to a merited oblivion. Will not the teſtimony of the neighbouring peaſants affirm, that the monks neither "eat well, or drink well?" and their own ſervants, who, after the vintage was finiſhed, near Grenoble, were ſent into Savoy, to purchaſe grapes and fruits, for the uſe of the poor, could atteſt, that "their days and nights were employed in the ſervice of God."

The Carthuſians had been alarmed with the threats of ſome ungodly peaſants, who ſeditiouſly preſumed, that men were equal; and in order to protect themſelves from fire, and rapine, they had requeſted and obtained, from the adjoining municipality, a guard of a ſerjeant, and twelve men. On one ſide of the holy building, the monk was offering up his fervent, and inceſſant prayers to heaven, with many a pious and devout ejaculation againſt the obſtinate perverſeneſs and irreligion of the times; on the other ſide the ſoldiers were playing at cards, curſing and ſwearing, by *Sacré Dieu!* at the holy fathers, who, paſſing from their prayers, condeſcended to utter *comment vous en vat?* upon the reprobate copartners of the ſacred manſion.

Some Sundays I have ſpent in the proteſtant parts of the happy, virtuous, and

and democratic Switzerland: but they were everywhere amuſing their idle hours with cards, or were exerciſing themſelves in arms, and ready to repel the inſults of an invading enemy. The catholic cantons are, perhaps, more ſuperſtitious, than the enſlaved people of the adjacent monarchies. Though they enjoy every degree of civil liberty, conſiſtent with the ſafety of poliſhed life, and are conſequently half free, yet their little intercourſe with the world, and the ignorance and prejudices of the lower orders of ſociety, have combined to rivet their religious fetters. The proteſtant Swiſs ſalutes the traveller with frankneſs and candour: but Jeſus Chriſtus is irreverently miſapplied, in ſalutation, by the Swiſs Romaniſts, to the muſſulman, or the philoſopher.

Even in the prieſt-ridden countries, which did bend to the iron government of Auſtria, but which have ſince formed a mighty acceſſion to the powers, and revenues of the French rebublic, Sunday does not obtain half the ſober reſpect, it does in England. The heavy Flemiſh boor, once a week, aſſumes the gayer deportment of his Gallic neighbours, and with "gallantry robuſt" leads his unwieldy dulcinea, from the doors of the church, to the houſes of entertainment, and feſtive dance: and if this happy company have not imbibed any of the wicked principles of the Carmagnols, clerical rapacity will ſell them a licence to dance, and a remiſſion of their ſins. But ſince the harveſts, and population of Belgia, have increaſed the requiſitions, and reſources of the revolutionary government of France, and ſince the

the peaſants are obliged to arm in ſupport of their republican maſters, Sunday may have aſſumed a more terrific form, and borrowed ſome of its new dreſs from their warlike, enthuſiaſtic conquerors.

In France, Sunday has everywhere put off the gay, and frivolous habits of the *petit maitre*, and now echoes, from hill to hill, the clangor of arms. The heart, whoſe deareſt ambition was to ſympathize with the joys and ſorrows of its *bonne amie*, has now learnt to beat for its country; and reaſon, if I may be allowed to imitate French ideas, has erected the edifice of liberty, upon the ruins of ſuperſtition and folly. Every face is intent upon its individual, or national concerns: and the jacobin docking of the long *queue*, among other ſubject of reformation, may be now lamented by the *beau monde*,

monde, in more elegant lines, than the ſtanza, which ſhudders at the fierce and barbarous Engliſhmen, who capriciouſly ſhortened the tails of their horſes.

I know not, how far it may be conſiſtent with religious duties, and the peaceful doctrines of the chriſtian code, to eſſay the uſe of arms on a Sunday: the Swiſs, however, are everywhere exerciſed; and in the ſmaller and larger towns of France, (but it is a crime to imitate French cuſtoms) the citizens, who had enregiſtered their names among the national guards of the diſtrict, were in this manner, habituated to military evolutions. As arms could not be made to ſerve the great numbers of men, who had ſo readily aſſociated to nouriſh their infant liberty, they aſſembled in ſmall bodies; or whilſt

ſome

ſome were inſtructed in the knowledge of muſquetry, others were learning the uſe of the ſabre, or ſeated upon the neighbouring banks, or under the ſhade, were vaunting of the greatneſs of the nation, and admiring the enthuſiaſm of its ſons. All their national and civic feſtivals were celebrated on Sunday, and invariably accompanied by military parade. At Niſmes, and at Aix (in Provence) I ſaw the celebration of a feſtival, in honour of the king's accepting the conſtitution upon his return from Varennes; and a friend ſaw ſome thouſands of national guards, who were haſtening through Orleans, to the frontiers, with the confident hope of repelling the Duke of Brunſwick, take the oath, after ſinging the hymn of Marſeilles, and with naked and uplifted ſwords, upon the altar of liberty, to "maintain the republic, liberty and equality."

At

At Niſmes, three thouſand national guards were drawn out in the gardens, and were all well appointed with blue uniform, and red facings, ſabres, muſquets, and bayonets. They were all natives of the town; and after being diſmiſſed, united with ſeveral groups of deſmoiſelles, and by the ſole muſic of the drum, gaily danced their favourite air, till the darkneſs of the night ſeparated them and me. At Aix, they had erected a magnificent ſtructure, emblematic of the return of the king, of the eſtabliſhment of order, and of the utter ruin of privileges, and nobility; and theſe were again repreſented in fire works, amidſt a numerous concourſe of people, and with the moſt loud and joyful acclamations.

I have thus mentioned the appearance of Sunday in France, and Italy, as far as they remain impreſſed on my memory.

memory. In the former, the attention of the citizen is wholly abſorbed by the importance of national affairs; in the other, the ſenſualiſt trifles away his Sunday hours with cards, or with his amiable predilection for muſic, in the ſoft and echoing retirements of the woods. Of the German Sunday, I am ignorant; but the ſplendid glare of the catholic religion is, everywhere, the ſame; and even in the auſtere churches of Calvin, they have neglected to baniſh the faſcinating charms of muſic. Amidſt the thunder, or melody of the organ, the pomp of worſhip, and hierarchy of prieſts, I rejoiced in the conviction of my *ſenſes:* and the impreſſion, I thought, would remain indelible. But my pious faith has been ſince alarmed; and I find, that the ſame organs can play the ſongs of infidelity, and rouſe a volatile people, from their individual trifling gratifications,

tions, to the purſuits of national benefits, could ſeduce the enthuſiaſm, and attachment of a brave peaſantry, from their allegiance to their *lawful* ſovereign, and artfully transfer it to a " Convention of banditti "—from the will and deſpotic commands of the grand monarch, to the decrees of national deputies. I lamented, that muſic had ever been introduced into the churches of religion, ſince it had been ſo profanely converted, in the temples of reaſon, to the purpoſe of *rebellion*; but if it loudly called an enthuſiaſtic nation to the bloody ranks of war, I hope, it will once again diſpoſe their hearts to the bleſſings of peace, and the comforts of domeſtic life.

Frenchmen will ceaſe to ſing that terrible ſong *Aux armes citoyens*; and the *chant civique*, will ſoon yield to the more benignant wiſh of *Paix a la*

la chaumiére; and ſince the catholic Sunday is ſurcharged, in its old age, with follies, and with crimes, a philoſopher may devoutly hope, that the regenerated *decadi* will teem with virtue, and goodneſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

ANGLOIS.

I HAVE often enquired into the cauſe, but was never ſatisfied, why an Engliſhman ſhould be conſidered, by the nations of the continent, ſo much ſuperior to themſelves. In the hiſtory of my country, I found, that the race of its monarchs have not been exempt from the common failings and defects of humanity. Whatever may have been the virtues of our kings, they have been counterbalanced by very great vices. The people were oppreſſed by the rapacity, and avarice of the firſt Tudor, by the ſubmiſſive

ſlavery

ſlavery of his parliament, and by the ingenious devices of his lawyers; and their condition was little improved under the violent, cruel, profuſe, and capricious reigns of his ſon, and grand daughter Mary. Engliſhmen continue to boaſt of "the golden days of good Queen Beſs;" but upon examination, we ſhall diſcover, that the conduct of Elizabeth was too rigorous, and imperious, neither ſincere nor indulgent to her people, and a cruel tyrant to her own ſex. Nor had the houſe of Stuarts deſerved the applauſe of poſterity. The pedantry, and little pride of James—the tyranny, or the errors of Charles, had eſtabliſhed, for awhile, an illegitimate, and fanatic republic; and as the ſucceeding profligacy of the ſecond Charles, and the cruelty and bigotry of his ſucceſſor, prepared the way to a temperate and limited monarchy, I could not

not attribute the perſonal, and individual importance of Engliſhmen, to the policy and goodneſs of royalty.

I then ſuppoſed, that for this pre-eminence, we muſt be indebted to ſome natural and inherent qualities: but I found our conſtitutions, the circulation of blood, and the functions of our nature, the ſame as the people of the continent. Becauſe rich? among the nations of Europe, I found nobles more rich, more powerful, whoſe will was their law, but who, withal, had not raiſed the reputation of their countrymen, nor merited the title of generous. In examining the hiſtory of the *people*, I was ſtruck with many noble, and great actions, both individual and national, which deſerve to be claſſed with the moſt worthy of Roman patriots.

I then

I then examined the hiſtory of the other European nations; but their greatneſs had never been permitted to expand: all was obedient to the will and caprice of a maſter; and I found a long, unbroken, chain of ſubjection, from the Prince to the meaneſt ſubaltern of the army. Europe was enſlaved: I returned, with pleaſure, to my country, and attributed our national greatneſs, our individual virtues, to the bleſſings and influence of *liberty*. Yet how, ſaid I, can a nation, ſo famed for its generoſity, for attachment to the cauſe of mankind, coaleſce with the tyrants of Europe, and endeavour to impede the regeneration of ſociety. "They are our natural enemies:" ſimilar prejudices all governments encourage; but nature has made every nation friends, and brothers.

I went

I went into France, expecting to find the like prejudice: it had exifted: but in the revolution of political fentiments, a change had alfo taken place in their affections. They no longer idolized their grand monarch: merit in rags was more prized, than oftentation, and titled ignorance: and from the promenades, and places of amufement, the men were walking, with penfive ftep, to the public affemblies. Every heart now beat for the country: they were free; and in every Englifhman, they faw, they embraced a brother. The electric matter ran through all the nation; many, who had before known no country, but France, and Germany, now hailed *notre frère d'Angleterre*; and even the tyrants of the road exclaimed, with rapture, *Anglois! patriote!*

Few

Few Engliſhmen enter, as common ſoldiers, into the ranks of foreign princes; and fewer ramble through the nations of the continent with articles of traffic. As this iſland abounds with itinerant Italians, who cannot boaſt much of fortune's prodigality, the uninformed Engliſh believe, that the Italians are all poor, and the language of our poets, however it may extol the vaſt antiquities of Rome, and the adjacent ſtates, dwells, with a malignant pleaſure, upon the depravity of morals, and the loſs of wealth. The Italians, who ſee our countrymen travelling with ſervants, and gaudy equipage, are credulouſly induced to believe, that the "Ingleſi are all rich;" and the few of their itinerant nation, who return home, are intereſted to continue the deluſion.

We passed the Mont Cenis; and on the second day, descended the widening vale, as far as Rivoli. We knew not its extent; and of a poor Italian, we met near the town, enquired, if we could sleep there. He looked amazed at the novelty, and ignorance of the question; and, supposing we were Frenchmen, tartly retorted, "could you find lodgings at Paris?" We thought, we could; "and here also," said he, in a contemptuous tone of voice. We arrived at an inn; and, after some previous questions, Signora kindly permitted the two poor *Tedeschi* to lodge under her roof. Having walked far that day, and without dinner, we very liberally bestowed our praises upon the excellence of the ragoûts, and the skill of the cook. The girl, who attended us, was very communicative; having learnt something of a miserable

ſerable Savoyard Patois, ſhe obligingly anſwered all our enquiries. She was born at Novaleze; "but you," ſhe ſaid, "are of a country very diſtant, from the other ſide of the mountains—from Switzera, perhaps?" "*Non! ma bonne! d'Angleterre.*" She looked amazed, and violently exclaimed, "*Si? Ingleſi?*"—ſhe ran into the kitchen; and immediately the hoſteſs, her children, and a poſtilion entered the room to gaze at theſe rich Signors. The woman now apologized for her former inattention to us: ſhe really thought we had been Germans. "But why? *vos excellences!* why on foot?—the Engliſh, who go to Turin, travel in carriages, *diablement hautes*—and you on foot?" There could be no poverty in England: every man is free, and rich; and we were rambling by a ſingular caprice on foot. We could not agree to theſe ideas of ſuperabun-

dant wealth: it might flatter our vanity: but the ſcantineſs of our purſes made us wiſh, we had been poor Savoyards, poor any thing, rather than *tre cari Ingleſi.*

I was in the Tarentaiſe, a part of the Dutchy of Savoy, little frequented by ſtrangers, much leſs by the indolent Engliſh traveller; and as on a Sunday, we could ſafely aſſume the trades of a tailor, a blackſmith, &c. we amuſed ourſelves with the happy credulity of the mountaineers. One moment, ſuſpected to be Imperial ſoldiers, we indignantly replied, *non!*—we were of a nation brave, and free:—Engliſh. *Anglois* now reſounded from every mouth, with wonder and ſurprize:—our moſt private actions were ſcrutinized; and theſe poor ſlaves, after a long reſearch, diſcovered, *qu'il mange beaucoup qu'il boit beaucoup—& dort de*

de même.—Oui? ſaid a fat merry looking laſs, who had loſt much of the prudery of her mountains, *mais n'aimerait-il pas une jolie fille?* The queſtion diverted the ideas of the company; and the brave, the haughty, and free Engliſhmen were allowed to participate with the poor Savoyard in the common wants, and functions of nature.

At Paris, ſome few years ago, no one ſcarcely was a gentleman who had not a faithful Swiſs for his porter; and in England, great numbers had inſinuated themſelves into the houſes of the nobility. They returned to their country, enriched by the liberality of their Engliſh maſters; and the fame of their wealth was, ſometimes, carried by their poor countrymen, amongſt the mountaineers of Savoy. Emigration commenced; and the affinity of language

made it difficult for an Engliſh ear to detect them in falſity. " *Nous ſommes Suiſſes, Vaudois—de Lauſanne—de Luſtri —ou de Vevay,*" as it ſuited their humour; but they were invariably honeſt Swiſs. Returning to their country, they exaggerate the riches, and generoſity of their benefactors, and encourage more of their family to try their fortune. At a ſmall village, near Beſançon, I met one of theſe bold ſpeculators. He was walking gaily: and I ſtopt him to enquire the diſtance from Salins. " Three leagues; " but his ideal purſuits, his airy projects of happineſs, and wealth, had made them " *pas longues.*" Encouraged by the words of a pedeſtrian, who had ſo lately left it, I was determined to go there that night. He was on a journey to a foreign country, and as my queſtion had interrupted his dreams, he aſked me, if I was " *de ce pays cy?* "—where I was going, and

and of what trade? Before I had anſwered him one of his queſtions, he told me, he was going to England: that his uncle, *un Mauriennois*, had been there, and having made a good fortune, had bought ſome land near Bonneval*; and that he alſo was going "*pour attraper des guinèes Angloiſes.*" "*Mais de quel pays êtes vous?*" "*D'Angleterre,*" —"*de L'Angleterre même?*" "*Oui! ſûrement!*" He now narrowly examined me, from head to foot: his ſanguine projects ſeemed ſuddenly to vaniſh; and he penſively concluded, that I was "the firſt Engliſhman, dreſſed in that manner, tramping for work."

This laſt man's fondneſs, was the attachment of intereſt; but at Geneva, I met with an inhabitant of Placentia, a man of intellect, and information,

* Perhaps the moſt barren part of Savoy.

who profeſſed himſelf ſorely goaded, that " the whole country of Italy ſhould be of ſo little conſideration, among the powers of Europe, and that it ſhould be debaſed, by its ſenſuality and ſuperſtition, below the leſs civilized nations of the north. I have never been in England," continued he; " but my attachment to the Engliſh is ſo great, that I have learnt their language by books: and when at Genoa, I always went to the houſes, they frequent. My ſon was chriſtened by the curate of the Medway, and I called his name Edward, after your kings. He is dead; and of the Engliſh, my deareſt recollection is the remembrance of death."

The German is attached to the Engliſh, becauſe we are rich, becauſe a German family is on our throne, and becauſe many of their princes have

have felt the animating effects of Engliſh ſubſidies, and extravagant douceurs *. But why the modern Frenchmen ſhould have been attached to our nation, after the bloody wars we have been engaged in, was a problem, I could ſcarcely ſolve: was a Gordian knot, which could only be untied by the myrtle-braided ſword of liberty. I could enumerate many inſtances of their fond and blind attachment; but they muſt be underſtood to have happened ſince their acquiſition of liberty, and before the unhappy times, when the Engliſh government privately and openly

* It was reaſonable enough for a Britiſh king to ſubſidize an elector of Hanover, or a prince of Heſſe: but it is certainly derogatory to the majeſty of Cæſar, to receive eleemoſynary donations from the *people* of England. An electoral and landgrayiate hog-ſty is ſupported by a *ſubſidy*; but the Imperial beggar dignifies the purchaſe of human blood by the honourable name of loan; and his charity box is called treaſury.

openly joined, with the tyrants of Germany, to cruſh their infant freedom.

Having arrived early in the afternoon at Chatillon ſur Seine, I went into the little ſquare, ſtrolling, I knew not whither; and ſeeing a good looking poſtmaſter ſtanding at his door with the air of *deſœuvrement*, I accoſted him with the common ſalutation of his country. Our converſation was ſoon directed to the great events, that were hourly occurring: he did mention his king; but as it was natural, that a *maître des poſtes* wiſhed to ſee "*le roi*," preceded by avant-couriers, he invariably uſed the words, "*La nation, la loi, et le roi*;" and ſo ſtudious was he of avoiding any imputation of royaliſm, that he ſometimes confounded the meaning of the words. We were then joined by a ſoldier of the reigment of

of *Dauphinè*; and the converſation turning upon the ſuppoſed counter-revolutionary views of the Emperor, and the claims of the German princes upon the fiefs in Alſace and Lorraine, they aſked me, if I was not a German. They ſeemed attached to liberty; and I thought it would not diſparage me, in their eyes, if I replied, *non! Anglois.* "You are then," ſaid the poſtmaſter, "of a nation brave and free: you are our brother." "It is true," immediately anſwered the whiſkered ſerjeant; and after prefacing Engliſh valour and patriotiſm, with ſome light hopes of the increaſe of thoſe virtues in France, he began to tell a ſtory of a "*brave Anglois,*" who had been a fellow ſoldier with him, in an Iriſh Brigade. "For ſome time," ſaid he, "before the laſt war commenced, my comrade looked dull and melancholy—I told him, "*qu'il rêvoit à la Suiſſe,*" and attempted

to laugh him into gaiety—*neantmoins le pauvre enfant étoit perdu:* nothing could reſtore him. The war began; and upon the firſt news of an engagement, he went up to our colonel, and boldly demanded, *ſon congè.* The colonel attempted to diſſuade him from his reſolution; but it was immoveable, and he replied, *Je ſuis Anglois—je ne dois pas combattre contre la patrie.*" This ſingular patriotiſm of a common ſoldier ſurpriſed me; "but he was," ſaid the ſerjeant, "*comme nous autres,* a man of ſentiment."

We continued our journey to Dijon; and arriving at a new portal, a ſpecies of triumphal arch, dedicated *à la liberté,* we were ſtopped by a Bourgeois on guard, and politely ſhewn to the guard houſe. Two men, entering in the garb of ſailors, dirty, and way-worn, did not occaſion the leaſt move-

ment

ment among the ten national guards, repoſing upon the benches; one ſingle head turned about, and immediately laid down again, murmuring *allemands.* The national officer on guard laid down Mirebeau's Letters on Slavery; and carefully examined our paſſeport, with his ſpectacles on the tip of his noſe. At laſt he arrived at the mighty words of deſignation, *tous deux natifs de Londres. Londres,* he repeated with ſtrong marks of interrogation; and we replied, "*Oüi! de Londres même!*" *Londres* was the cry of alarm; and all the guards were now ſtanding upon the floor, or ſeated upon their breech, gazing at *ces deux garcons—Anglois et aſſeurément patriotes!*

In the autumn of 1793, among the priſoners of war in Belgia, and Germany, I ſaw great numbers of theſe ſame enthuſiaſts; but whoſe ſanguine predilection

predilection for the Engliſh nation had been corrupted, by the duplicity and art of our government, or by the frantic ſpeeches of their national deputies, into a hatred, whoſe malignity exceeds belief. In the common affairs of life, the moſt ardent attachments of friendſhip, or of love, are frequently ſucceeded by the bittereſt hatred, and contempt; and each *individual* of France, who joined the republican cauſe, now conſiders, that the aggreſſion, which they were pleaſed to call it, of England, ſhould not only draw upon us their collective but individual vengeance. They are conſcious of, and acknowledge our ſtrength by ſea; and our wealth and ſubſidies range the mercenary ſoldiers of Germany, againſt them. In Engliſhmen, they had been accuſtomed to reſpect the courage of liberty: and till the affair of Dunkirk, trembled to meet the bayonets of the

ſoldiers

ſoldiers *en rouge.* They were there victorious over the ſubſidiary ſoldiers of the elector of Hanover; and the blue national coat is no longer crimſoned by the red of their opponents; or their carmagnolle fury, deadened by the march of the Coldſtream. A ſeries of victories has raiſed their ſoldiers to an enthuſiaſm, hitherto unknown; and that convention, who have violated laws, human and divine, dare to declare, that "the eternal power, who ſits in the higheſt heaven, watches over the genius of the ſovereign people." The haughty Iſlanders are "conquerors by gold, triumphing by a Punic faith; and theſe new Romans," threaten "to overturn the other Carthage." We may lament the cauſes of the great change in ſentiment amongſt a people brave, generous, and powerful; but we are all bound to reſiſt,

reſiſt, with hand and heart, the completion of their threats*.

* The laſt two pages were written, previous to the opening of the campaign, in 1794, during which the Carmagnols have repelled the Auſtrian, Engliſh, Heſſian, and Hanoverian troops, from the neighbourhood of Cambray, acroſs the Rhine, into Germany, retaken all their own frontier towns, and planted the tree of liberty, before the Stadthouſe of Amſterdam. Succeſs, equally unparalleled, has attended their arms, from Charlemont to Landau: the paſſes of the Alps were alſo forced, and are now occupied by the French troops; and from the eaſtern and weſtern Pyrenees, their hovering armies threaten the ſubverſion of royal and eccleſiaſtical tyranny in Spain. Fortunately, however, England is, or may be maſters of the ſeas; and ſhould the French refuſe to liſten to terms of peace, we may yet vanquiſh the united navies of the two fraternized republics.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

COMRADES.

A FEW days prior to forming the intention of leaving England, I made a ſmall pedeſtrian excurſion along the banks of the Thames, and Iſis, to Oxford; and thence, accompanied by a friend, purſued the journey to the Iſle of Wight. The pleaſures of the road, the ſingular incidents of our mode of travel, the appearance of Spring, or ſome other cauſe, made us form the project of a tour upon the continent. No ſooner propoſed by one, than immediately, and moſt unqualifiedly embraced by the other; and as it

it required little preparation for a month's excurſion, which was our original intention, we were ſoon landed upon the ſhores of France.

The pleaſures of a companion and ſociety, are ſo great, that I determined to devote an entire chapter to them; but as delicacy demands, that I ſhould ſay nothing of my two Engliſh companions, I muſt reluctantly obey.

My firſt companion and I, though we agreed to ſeparate, and actually divided our money, at Ander, in the Griſons, did not part finally till Zurich; and as I was in the German part of Switzerland, knew little French, and no German, and yet intended to return into the mountains, I found myſelf in a very embarraſſing ſituation. The officer on guard would not permit us, even to breakfaſt in the town; and

ſtrong

ſtrong as were our deſires, we were debarred the pleaſure of ſeeing the father of phyſiognomy. The morning was very wet; and having taken ſhelter in a ſmall cabaret, about two miles from the gates, I was there detained, till bad weather, or good fortune drove in two Valaiſans. Travellers are inquiſitive, and very communicative; and as the roads, we had ſeparately determined upon, varied very little, we agreed to go together; and after drinking each a draught to a *bon voyage*, we buckled on our knapſacks, and proceeded.

The motives of our journey were alike; and as our curioſity and taſtes were very little diſſimilar, we journeyed together very happily, and contentedly for many days.

The

The one was a negociant; but in the confined republic of the Valais, and at the ſmall town of Sierre, an Engliſhman may juſtly ſuſpect his traffic was very limited. I dared to enquire the truth of the ſuppoſition, which he immediately allowed; but he was alſo heir to the fee ſimple of a large mountain, three-fourths of which, he alſo confeſſed, produced only graſsleſs rocks, and eternal ſnows. From the diminutive concerns, and politics of the Swiſs mountaineers, the more enlarged mind of the officer ſoon directed our converſation to the manners, and cuſtoms of the different nations of Europe, which he had ſeen; and he ably diſcuſſed, with a retentive memory, the riſe and progreſs of ſtates, and the ruins or revolutions of empires. Though he had ſerved ſeven years in the ranks of a Spaniſh regiment,

ment, and had in that time been too much inclined to the vices, common among his fellow ſoldiers, he had employed much of his time in the culture of his underſtanding; and whilſt the regiment had done garriſon duty at Barcelona, and at Cadiz, he had taken every advantage of the opportunities, then offered him. An act of valour, but of which I could never prompt him to ſpeak, during the ſiege of Port Mahon, had recommended him to the General; and through his preſſing ſolicitations, his Catholic Majeſty (*eio el rey*) had confirmed the proviſonal gift of a lieutenancy to Pierre Rey. He could not ſpeak of the capture of Port Mahon, or of the general attack upon Gibraltar, at both of which he was preſent, without extolling the bravery, and fortitude of the Britiſh troops. At one moment their unparalleled

ralleled firmneſs made him doubt, if the Engliſh had ſo much feeling and ſenſibility, as the men of other nations; but their treatment of the priſoners convinced him again of the contrary. His knowledge of Engliſh hiſtory was very great, but particularly of thoſe times, when we have had any connection with the Spaniſh monarchy. Many of our claſſical books, which have been tranſlated either into French or Spaniſh, he had read with the moſt minute and diſcerning attention; and when I expreſſed my ſurpriſe at his knowledge of our laws, cuſtoms, and hiſtory, he politely anſwered, that "the braveſt nation of Europe demanded every one's attention—I witneſſed their valour at Minorca and Gibraltar, and my deareſt friend, a brother officer, has known their generoſity to a fallen enemy."

He

He admired the Engliſh, becauſe they were brave and free; and on account of the late revolution in France, and the acquiſition of liberty, he had become more attached to the French people. Strange, and unaccountable are the contradictions of the human mind; and he was not exempt from the errors of intellect, or prejudices of opinion. He had been, and his regiment then was in garriſon, at Barcelona; but, on account of the orders, and general jealouſy, of the Spaniſh court, had been much ſeparated from the people of the town. They had contracted, as well as he, a ſtrong attachment to the Engliſh, their cuſtoms, frankneſs, and manners, which are confeſſedly the offspring of liberty; but he could not allow the oppreſſed Catalonian the privilege of imitating the happy Iſlanders, the rights of freedom.

At

At Sierre, I separated from my well informed companion of the Valais, and had not reached Sion, before I overtook two honeſt plodding men of the country, haſtening to the capital, to join in the public ſervice of religion, and adore the tutelary ſaint of the republic, to whoſe honour a feſtival was that day celebrated. Their ſenſes were, I ſuppoſe, wholly occupied with their devotional duties—with the greatneſs and ſanctity of the occaſion; and after an hundred times repeating their Ave Marias, and Pater Noſters, myſteriouſly croſſing their foreheads, and breaſts, and with ſome genuflexions, they relaxed a moment from their laborious employment, to accoſt a brother traveller. "Of what country?" I anſwered, *d'Angleterre:* they knew not, I was an heretic, but both concluded, it was acroſs the mountains—in Italy: and they recommenced their devotions.

Near

Near Morat, I travelled a few hours with a ſerjeant of a Sardinian regiment, who was going into Alſace, to exerciſe the double honourable office of a ſpy and recruiter: he talked much of military affairs, of battles, evolutions, and camps: I told him, that the day before only, I had been at Avenche, and that I had there ſeen ſeveral hundred new raiſed ſoldiers, and had alſo examined *le camp de Cæſar*. He knew nothing of Cæſar; nor indeed did I expect it; or had he ever heard *pas un ſeul mot* of the camp, but "were they French?" He was a cannoneer; and conſequently was anxious to learn the ſtrength of the park of artillery. The number and calibres of the cannon, mortars, and howitzers, I told him, I had noted with ſcrupulous exactneſs: and taking out my journal, I copied the particulars into his minute book. "I will

write," said he, "this very night to our comandant, at Chamberry;" and with a wise wink, significant shrug, and whispering tone of voice, "I shall make my fortune: *mais comment l'appelle-t-on?*" I wrote it down for him, "*Camp de Cæsar, tout près d'Avanche.*" On our first meeting, he had solicited me to enlist, and to shew me to what high honours he invited me, frequently repeated the important titles of his king*; but after I had given him the great intelligence, relative to the camp, he confidentially assured me, that the service was not "*trop bon.*"

I passed

* King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy, Prince of Piemont, &c. &c.—Does not the great northern power, who assumes the title of King of France, and Arch Treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, appear equally ridiculous in the eyes of the philosopher? And since France is confessed to be a *carte blanche* in the map of Europe, would it not be better to discontinue that title?

I paſſed down the Rhone, from Lyons, to Avignon, with two very engaging companions: one had ſtudied phyſic in London, and ſurgery at Paris, and was then returning to his native iſle of Corfu; and the other, a common ſoldier in the regiment of Penthievre, may, in the convulſions of the times, have now arrived at a colonelcy, or the guillotine. "I was ſtruck," if I may be allowed to tranſlate from my journal, "with the phyſiognomy of this *ſimple dragon:* it had no traits, which mark the great man, but it was in every expreſſion pleaſant, and intelligent; and his deportment intereſted me much." He told me that his father was an avocat in the *ci devant* province of Auvergne, and that being intended for the ſame profeſſion, he had made *un cours de droit* at ———: that he had there been guilty of many follies, had diſpleaſed his father, and

as he had once entered into this regiment, his father inſiſted he ſhould continue in it, till the ordinary expiration of the ſervice. The dragoon confeſſed, that his father generouſly allowed him money; and part of the way, from Avignon to Toulon, where the regiment was in garriſon, he went in a voiture. But when he arrived at the gates, "I am this moment a common ſoldier," ſaid he, and the next day I met him in his dirty *bonnet de police*, carrying forage for his horſe. During our journey, we converſed much upon the ſituation of affairs; but to my objections, he boldly anſwered in juſtification of the nation: and as parties have ſucceeded, he has choſen right: but then he dared only breathe a wiſh for a republic.

Long after the pleaſure of his agreeable ſociety, I met a French emigrant officer,

officer, near Furnes, much like my *Auvergnac* friend in face, in manners, and in humour, and who, like him, alſo attempted to correct the northern tones of my voice, and aſſiſt me in the more proper pronounciation of their language. He had belonged to the thirty-ſeventh regiment, but had unfortunately, to uſe his own expreſſion, made a *demi tour a gauche*. He treated the alterations, made by the republicans, with the indifference many of them deſerve; and what ſome long-faced prieſts, then in the barge, apprehended would cauſe *le bouleverſement du monde*, he called only *de petittes plaiſanteries*. As our only religion was ruined, it was neceſſary to found other ſects, or frame other moral laws, more pure, or more faſcinating. "I will eſtabliſh," ſaid he, "a new religion, ſimilar to the enjoyments and promiſes of Mahomet; and you, Madamoiſelle,"

turning to a beautiful Flemiſh girl, who ſat next to him, "ſhall be the faireſt of the black-eyed houris of my paradiſe."

The girl, to whom he ſpoke, bluſhed, and confeſſed ſhe was ſtill ignorant of the nature of his compliments; but the dark frowns of ſome fathers admoniſhed her of the danger of continuing a converſation with this unchriſtian character. "Don't frown," ſaid he, "my good fathers; to-day let me be gay: to-morrow, I am going to fight for the church." As he was a champion of the faith, he was permitted to continue his merriment; and even the ſevere countenance of a capuchin once relaxed into a ſmile, by the force of his wit.

The royal and national Frenchmen were both gay and happy; but an Engliſhman,

gliſhman, I met near Lauffen, and whom I accompanied to Baſle, was moulded, as I firſt thought, in a very different clay. He was a pedeſtrian too, and was ſitting penſive, and melancholy upon the ſide of the river, when I firſt accoſted him. He returned my ſalutation in French; as we were going the ſame way, he roſe, and we walked ſlowly on together. I preſumed he was a German: but he made me no anſwer to it. We had both ſeen the moſt intereſting parts of Switzerland; but he ſeemed to avoid converſing on thoſe parts, which had ſtruck me, either as moſt ſublime or moſt beautiful. I mentioned the romantic and ſavage rocks of the Griſons; and at the hearing of the *Via mala*, I obſerved, he turned his head aſide. I did not know the meaning; nor did he then ſay the ſubject was diſagreeable. I expatiated upon the beauties of the

lakes of Zurich and Geneva, and the wild ſcenery of Lucerne; he now took a pleaſure in the converſation: but upon my aſking him, if he had been at the Iſle of St. Pierre, upon the lake of Bienne, he with difficulty uttered, "yes!" and ſeemed diſturbed. The tears flowed from his eyes, and he hoped, that I would not mention any thing more of Switzerland, till we reached the inn.

I had been at Baſle before, and wiſhed to go to my former houſe, but in compliance with his wiſhes, and hoping to hear ſomething intereſting from him, I conſented to accompany him *aux trois rois*. We ſtayed there two days; and having formed a ſhort intimacy, he related to me, on the evening of the latter, a ſtory, ſomething ſimilar to the following:

"That

" That at the town of Como *, or Logarno, but which of them, I muſt confeſs, I cannot aver, he had lived for many days or weeks; and during that time had, innocently, and indeed unknown to himſelf, made a deep impreſſion upon the mind of a fair Italiana; and that, when he was ſatiated with the ruſtic luxuries of the place, and

* The reader ſhould be appriſed, that on the Italian ſide of the Alps, and in the dutchy of Milan, are two large lakes, both environed with mountains, called by the natives, Lago di Como, and Lago Maggiore.—Their romantic ſcenery, or the coolneſs of their ſhades, have attracted the curious and ſentimental traveller, or the voluptuous ſenſualiſts, of all ages. Upon the latter of theſe lakes, a noble family have fixed their manſion, and given their name to the Barromean Iſlands; and upon the banks of the former, the younger Pliny ſought the pleaſures of retirement, and of lettered eaſe. Logarno is upon the latter; and Como, from which the lake takes its name, is ſituated at the extremity of the other.

and of the environing country, he had prepared to depart. After discharging the debts he had contracted, and taking leave of the family, at a very early hour, he went up stairs to bed, telling them that he should begin his journey at day-break in the morning. He had forgot something of his small viaticum; and going down stairs at, perhaps, the expiration of half an hour, he found Luccesini, (I think he called her) sitting by herself, and in tears. She was too much affected long to conceal her tale of wretchedness; and he was too sensible of her worth, her virtue, and goodness, not to pity her. He then explained to her his situation in life, and advised her to calm her spirits; and that if any change took place in his fortune, or his family, he would return to her. Every thing appeared settled; "and she received,"

received," ſaid he, " my laſt adieu, without emotion*."

" He aroſe, he ſaid, betimes in the morning; and after walking three hours, at a quick pace, he laid down to refreſh himſelf, under the luxuriant ſhade of a beech. The unexpected incident of the preceding evening now cauſed a thouſand doleful reflections; and to the wanton gambols of the Alpine ſhepherdeſſes, the gay brunettas, and their coy invitations, he returned nothing more than the uſual compliments of ſalutation. " One," ſaid he, " ſat down beſide me; and had I been

* When my companion told me this ſtory, I confeſs my ſenſibility was ſo alive, that I could not refrain from ſympathizing with him; and the recollection of the whole ſtory, and particularly of his condition, ſoon after the finale of the tragedy, ſtill affects, and will, I believe, affect me to the end of memory.

I been a Sterne, or my mind had not been ſo occupied with its reflections, I ſhould have created another Maria; ſhe had all the melancholy, and liſtleſs languiſhing, belonging to the character, with the penetrating eye of a Milaneſa.

" After ſome hours of repoſe, he put up his books, and although he had began his journey ſo early in the morning, he did not go more than twenty Italian miles. His mind was penſive and uneaſy; and he cared not to exert himſelf. He aroſe again early the next morning; and had not walked above five hundred yards from the end of the village, till he eſpied the enamoured maid, ſitting penſive, and dejected. She had ſelected a part of the road, where the ſurrounding rocks overhang it on all ſides, and where the hand of man has, with difficulty,

culty, quarried out a paſſage for the mules. "Immediately after that," ſaid he, "the path ſeparates; by the left hand you will reach the Val Leventina, and the Mont St. Gothard; by the right, you will paſs the town of Chiavenna, and the paſs of Spluger. She told me, that ſhe had left her father's houſe, with the determination of living with me. I intreated her to return; and offered to go back myſelf, to make her peace with her father: but my endeavours were all ineffectual.

"After ſome hours of irreſolution and doubt, I agreed that ſhe ſhould accompany me: I threw her little bundle over my ſhoulder, and that night, at a late hour, we arrived at Chiavenna. As ſhe had not been accuſtomed to the rough roads of the Alps, he took the firſt opportunity to buy

buy a mule; and having mounted her on this ſure footed animal, he peaceably, and gaily walked by her ſide, or before her, where the path did not admit two abreaſt. In this manner they paſſed by the Mont Luckmainer, to the glaciers of the Hinder Rhine; and thence deſcending to Retzuns, they had turned up the valley of the Norder Rhine, and by the Mont St. Gothard, entered the valley of Urſeren. He then gave me a very circumſtantial account of the mountains, woods, rivers, and lakes of Switzerland, which they had ſeen, or viſited together—of the confined vale of Trient, and of the elevated regions of the Col de Balme—and of the blue-coloured glaciers of Savoy. From Chamouny, they had paſſed by the narrow valley of the Arve, to the town of Geneva. He had here ſold his mule; and as they intended to ſpend ſome

time

time along the coaſts of the lake, he bought a ſmall boat, which he afterwards ſold at Morges, as they were then directing their courſe to the lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne. "But of this," ſaid he, "I will give you a copy of what I wrote to a friend in England."

"Pays de Vaud! the name of this country ſounds, with ſoothing pleaſure, to the man who has had the happineſs to viſit it; and the laſt word will ever dwell upon his ear, unwilling to leave him—a fond deluſion, which every thing contributes to increaſe, and which the remembrance of pleaſures paſt, ſerves only to endear—to realize the deluſion. Every mind cannot be blinded: but here the volatile and the phlegmatic are, in their degrees, equally moved.

"I wandered

"I wandered in these happy regions with all my natural phlegm, my native insensibility; yet I found my soul wound up to contemplation by nature's grandest objects—I was, if I may say so, above the condition of man.—My heart was, however, of the earth, and had not the smiles of my *cara* ——— quickened my pace, I should have remained rivetted to these scenes. But she knew how to speed my progress; and when I was leaning against a tree, with my book, half glancing upon her, or the surrounding beauties of the country; or if I was playing upon my flute a vesper, or some much admired tune of the country, she would steal our knapsack, our collection of misery, and upbraiding me with delay, with inattention to her health, would make me haste to find some happy resting-place.

"'Twas

" 'Twas the Pays de Vaud, upon which I began my letter, and to it I can return with pleaſure, becauſe it recals me to thoſe precious moments, when we travelled contented, happy, and free, to thoſe delightful ſcenes, which we ſurveyed together, when the morning dew was welcome to our parched feet, and when the cool freſhneſs of the evening was ſoftened by the melodious notes of the nightingale. Every thing around us was happy: it was vintage:—and to the little labourers of the villages, laden with their baſkets of grapes, ſhe would lend her aſſiſting hand; and if her courteſy was barely returned by a familiar nod, and " *bien obligè Madame*," eſteeming herſelf amply recompenced—ſhe taught me how to feel the happineſs of others.

" From Geneva to Morges, (twenty-four miles) we travelled in three days, enjoying

enjoying every luxury the climate afforded; one moment admiring the ſplendid coaſts of Vaud, or the contraſted poverty of Savoy; or ſtopping the village children—"were they happy?"—"*Oui-heureux et libres!*"—"Free?"—"Yes—*ça-ira—ça-ira—ça-ira* *—and I muſt play this favourite tune, that the little villagers might ſhew their ſkill. 'Twas done—we proceeded—chance threw new companions into our notice—*c'eſt egal.* Was it the ſeigneur, the baron, or the peaſant, we were his companions—we were happy ourſelves. "What could bring you here?" from the magiſtrate—or "give me ſomething for charity—for the grace of God—for the virgin,"—were as readily anſwered. The imperiouſneſs of authority, and the humble prayers of the abject, in general, ended

* This happened on that ſmall tract of land adjoining to the lake, which belongs to France.

ended with the ſame good wiſhes,—*bon voyage! bonne ſantè!*

"We mounted the hills of the Jura, and from their ſummits felicitated ourſelves with the ſmiling country. The ſhouts and loud feaſts of the vintagers reached us in our elevation, with many an echo.—*Mais adieu, paniers, vendanges ſont faites.*—We were tranſported to another age; and in the happineſs of theſe ruſtics, we thought we ſaw the innocence of the paſtoral life. At the ſmall town of Rolle we met our boat, and thence, to Morges, we went by water; we might have reached our deſtination in two hours, but we tacked upon the lake, when there was any wind: when it had declined, the boatman rowed, or reſted upon his oars; and from the mid-day to four, we reclined, and refreſhed ourſelves,

ſelves, under the broad ſhade of a venerable oak.

" The evening was welcomed by the delicate notes of my Italiana, to which the maſculine throat of our boatman anſwered, in baſer reſponſe, to the time and meaſure of his oars. We were, in language, tranſported acroſs the mountains.

" Whilſt we reſted at Morges, we refitted our little ſack of cloaths; I made ſmall excurſions into the country, and returned at evening; and having procured at Lauſanne more current money, we were again ready to depart. We croſſed the great body of water, to Evian; and proceeded, *en bons fantaſins*, to the village of Meilleirie.

" You

"You will recollect, my dear friend, in Rouſſeau's Eloiſa, his claſſic deſcription of this rock: the letters St. Preux wrote from it; the reaſon of his baniſhment, and the little town of Vevay, in which his Julia lived; and you will alſo recollect, in the third volume, how he conducted her afterwards acroſs the lake, to ſhew her the former monuments of his paſſion; where he had endured the cold, and rigor of the climate, amidſt the ices and ſnows of the Alps, where the funereal raven, and the cries of the Alpine eagle, alone pierced his ears.

"Thence we croſſed to Vevay—'twas the reſidence of Julia—'tis the ſeat of eaſe and luxury, the reſort of travellers. We next day reſted at the ſmall village of Clarens, no leſs famous for the retreat of Madame Wolmar. We then made a ſmall excurſion to Piſſe Vache;

Vache; and after viewing the curiosities of St. Maurice, and the salt works of Bex, we returned to the edges of the lake. We ascended the Dent de Jaman; and thence had a most extensive prospect of the lake of Geneva, and of the vast amphitheatre, which the mountains of Savoy and the Jura form; of the whole intermediate country, from Fort la Cluse, interspersed with woods, corn, and vines, savage rocks, and magnificent mansions.

" We intended to have returned to Vevay, and thence to have passed, by Chastel St. Denis, to Fribourg; but as she had little desire to see the superstitious pomp of a catholic canton, we passed in our boat, from Villeneuve to Culli, Lustri, Lausanne, and Morges; and, in two days more, we crossed the country to Yverdun. We continued

several

ſeveral days upon this rich and manufacturing lake; and of all the beauties of this principality, nothing delighted this benevolent ſoul ſo much, as the clean and hoſpitable appearance of the alms-houſe at Neuchatel. Oh! "civis pauperibus!!" and when I explained to her the motto, ſhe aſked me, if they did not deſerve to be rich, happy, and free. We paſſed thence, to Anet and Erlach: but here commences the diſmal tragedy; and becauſe I was in ſome meaſure the cauſe"———he ſtopt—wept—and was eaſy—"it grieves my afflicted heart. I propoſed, that we ſhould go upon the water, and pointing to the iſland of St. Pierre, behold," ſaid I, "the houſe rendered famous by the baniſhment of ———" "The tender Rouſſeau," exclaimed ſhe:—her heart leapt to ſee his reſidence, and her compaſſionate ſighs had taught even me to admire him.

him. After having ſatiated our deſires with the pleaſures of this iſland, we muſt depart—ſhe propoſed to return to Erlach. I wiſhed to proceed to Nidau (at the fartheſt extremity of the lake)—ſhe oppoſed to me her then weak habit, the evening freſhneſs, the diſtance (nine miles); but I unfeelingly inſiſted—Unhappy wretch! I muſt here draw a curtain over the concluſion of the conſequences of this hapleſs day. My hand cloſed her eyes; and here I am left to purſue my ſolitary journey to England. No hope animates my ſoul: and the lengthening road is not even cheered by remembrance. I received her laſt ſigh: it ſtill trembles upon my ear: ſhe acquitted me of her death, and with the firm convulſion of a departing ſoul, and a cold hand, wiſhed me happineſs." I finiſhed his letter, and deſired a copy of it: he permitted me to take one.

one. He looked at me: "ſhe is gone," ſaid he, "to breathe the purity of angels."

As I had wandered, during my whole tour, in a ſingular manner, at Baſle I bought a boat; and leaving this unhappy Engliſhman, I intended to paddle it down to Cologne. On the ſecond day, I was overtaken by ſome ſoldiers of Artois, who were going down towards Coblentz, in order to be embodied. They were gay and ſprightly; and expected ſoon to overrun the whole kingdom of France. The fortifications of Straſburgh, Fort Louis, and Landau, which we paſſed, were eaſily demoliſhed by the formidable breath of theſe emigrant Gaſcons. Of courage, they would not allow the ſmalleſt portion to be inherited by the people; and becauſe the diſciplined regiments of the emperor

had overpowered the impotent efforts of the Belgian patriots, they expected to chaſe the national regiments of France before them, as flocks of ſheep. They repreſented to me, that being far from my own country, *et peut-etre l'argent commence à manquer*, I had better make my fortune under the princes. The national ſoldiers were villains; and when I mentioned the circumſtance of travelling with theſe emigrants to the guards of the *Pont du Rhine*, at Straſburgh, and that the emigrants were gone to ſleep at Fort Kehl, they retorted upon them their own epithet, with the addition of *foutu Bougres*, and haſtily demanding, what colour and uniform they wore, they wiſhed them to come: "We will try the temper of the patriots' ſword: we will live free or die," ſaid one with a ſmile, and the national gaiety: but being rebuked for his levity, by another,

ther, becauſe they had taken an oath to protect their liberty, he put his hand upon his heart, and with his eyes directed to heaven, ſolemnly repeated, "we will live free or die, *comme nous l'avons jurès.*"

At the city of Spires, I met with a gentleman, who, as he wore the white cockade, I preſumed, was an emigrant; and accordingly modelled my converſation. We ſpoke ſomething on the deſtruction of ariſtocracy, the plundered revenues of the church, and the degraded condition of the "*pauvre roi.*" He did not ſeem violently enraged againſt the *villainous* proceedings of the national aſſembly; and after a few queſtions, intended to diſcover the inclinations of my mind, he exclaimed, "If you are an Engliſhman, how can you refuſe us the bleſſings of liberty? Do you wiſh that the unnatu-

ral exemptions of ariſtocracy ſhall again repreſs the emulous ſpirit of the people?" Our minds ſoon harmonized: and before we ſeparated, he confeſſed to me, that he had the honour of a company in a regiment, then in garriſon at Landau, and had been lately appointed aide de camp to General Cuſtine: that ſome little affairs had called him to Frankfort, where he was enabled to obtain a very effectual paſſeport, which ſtiled him a negociant of Straſburgh; and that thence, by the deſire of his general, he had taken the opportunity of going down to Coblentz, and examining the ſtrength and diſpoſition of the country.

I afterwards mentioned this circumſtance to an officer, near Valenciennes, who was acting the honourable part of chief conductor of the ſpies in that neighbourhood.

neighbourhood. He told me of the numerous difficulties, from which he had extricated himself; and confided in my secresy, without even requiring my honour. "Frenchmen," said he, "are too vain of their commission to keep a secret:" and although he had most narrowly escaped being hung for a spy, in the camp of Cæsar, and was then hugging himself with his good fortune, he swore, he "would have hung the *rascal*."

During this present disastrous war, curiosity induced me to pass along the northern frontier of France: and being shocked with the horrid cruelties and carnage, daily retorted upon the hostile troops, I hastened to repose upon the peaceful bosom of Holland. From Cologne to Nimeguen, we travelled by the post waggon, accompanied, as usual in the catholic countries,

by ſome mendicant friars, but whoſe white hands and ſleek ſkin did not indicate, that the mortifications of the fleſh were ſevere and frequent, or that they actually ſuffered under the fell gripe of poverty. As I was not an admirer of the indolent ſons of the church, I ſhould have found my free ſentiments continually oppoſed, and my hopes of converſation diſappointed, if fortune had not thrown into the coach an amiable Swiſs, whoſe evil deſtiny had joined to the ravage and bloodſhed of a military life, the irreconcileable ſpirit of philoſophy. He poſſeſſed, and he did not heſitate to declare, an utter averſion to war; and though a ſoldier, he deemed his profeſſion would ſoon be diſuſed by the enlightened nations of Europe. He could not force his mind to believe, that the benevolent Deity had made war neceſſary to reduce the numbers

of

of ſociety; or that there ever could arrive a period, when amputation, or phlebotomy, ſhould be as eſſential to the ſanity of the political, as it ſometimes is to the natural, body of man. He had ſerved ten years in a regiment of Berne, which had been all that time in the pay of the king of Sardinia; and though the regiment had been in garriſon, at Turin, and in ſeveral towns, both of Piemont, and Savoy, and being frequently removed, had never been permitted to form connections with the people, he always conſidered the intereſt of the king and the ſubject as the ſame. His life had not, he confeſſed, been checquered with misfortunes; and, till the commencement of this war, the moſt heavy duties of his profeſſion were the ſtudy of muſic, the art of dancing, dreſſing for the parade, or anticipating the pleaſures of *tête à tête* with the ladies.

" The Sardinian officers, though not ſo delicate as the Papal ſoldiers, and though generally poor, were not," he ſaid, " ſo rough as the barbarians of Ruſſia. But now we are ordered to fight againſt a people determined to be free, and all the ſteadineſs of diſcipline, and the cauſe of my late maſter, will, I am afraid, be inſufficient to oppoſe the progreſs of their arms, and their principles; and even your country, *Monſ. L'Anglois*, though it may be now ſecure in its conſtitution, and is well protected from the ravages of war, may be ſeduced by the plauſible doctrines of liberty and equal rights."

Not long before we enjoyed the ſociety of this philoſophic ſoldier, when the chance of war, and the favourable reports, then circulated of the valour and victories of the Pruſſians,

ſians, near Landau, and in the dutchy of Deux Ponts, drew the unfortunate French emigrants from their retirement, to join in the conqueſt of their country, we travelled from Malmedy to near Trêves, in the company of three Chevaliers. They were haſtening to ſhare the glories of the Prince of Condè, to whoſe progreſs neither the valour of the national troops, the ſtrong poſitions of the country, nor the numerous fortifications, could oppoſe any conſiderable reſiſtance. I endeavoured to convince theſe deluded men of ſome woeful truths, and particularly of the impoſſibility of continuing an army in Alſace, if the patriots had poſſeſſion of the faſtneſſes, and commanded the defiles of the mountains of the Voſges, whence, after they had raiſed the maſs in the neighbouring departments, they could iſſue with facility, and directing their irre-

fiſtible columns againſt the weakeſt part of the royal army, vary their points of attack at pleaſure. Imagination flattered them with the unrealized hope of repelling the national troops from the paſſes of Saverne, and Phaltſburg; but, after a little diſcuſſion, they ſoon yielded to reaſon. The poſſeſſion of Alſace, or the mountains, did not aſſure their victorious march to the capital; and they apprehended, that the minds of the country would be directed by the inclinations of Paris. I lamented the horrors of war; but this, they ſaid, was neceſſary;—"had it not been from the beginning of the world?" And becauſe the holy writ unfortunately relates, that "Saul ſlew his thouſands, and David his ten thouſands," their jaundiced minds gloried in the murder of the patriots, and believed it a ſacrifice acceptable to God. The privileged orders of France,

France, were alſo an eſſential benefit to the community; and to preſerve peace among men, it was an expedient creation of ſociety, that the executive power, which they called king, ſhould be ſurrounded by dukes, marquis, and counts, who ſhould be allowed emoluments, privileges, and penſions, to ſupport their dignity, and fill up, with honour, that mighty chaſm between the monarch and the people. I was diſguſted with their politics and pride; and my more humble claims of being only equal to my fellow countrymen, made them load me with the bitter epithets of Jacobin, and Septembrizeur.

During my firſt excurſion, on the road between Annecy and Geneva, I travelled a few miles with a ſhopkeeper of the former town; and having accidentally met the titular biſhop

of Geneva, returning from his country ſeat to his actual reſidence at Annecy, we ſoon directed the converſation to the merits and purity of the catholic faith, and the ſimple manners and demeanour of its dignified clergy. He, however, ſpoke of the failings of the children of the church, with the moſt tender reſpect; ſtrenuouſly endeavoured to exculpate them from the too general imputation of ſcandalous manners, and boldly denied their prudential attachment to the wives of their neighbours. Auricular confeſſion, which theſe pious men convert, too frequently, to their amorous inclinations, he conſidered, and with reaſon, as the grand ſupport of the faith; and without which, poor ſinful mortals could never find the narrow way to the happy manſions of peace. In his way of reaſoning, the ſins of the catholic people were all impoſed upon the backs

backs of the clergy; and they, by divine and ſpecial grace, and in conſideration of their holy functions, ſhould, in a moment, be purified from their baſe intercourſe with the world, and with all their material imperfections, be excluſively elevated to a diſtinguiſhed, honourable ſeat among the cherubims, ſeraphims, and thrones. This pious Savoyard was convinced, as much, he ſaid, as I ſee you, of the miraculous incarnation; and that although nine months had naturally elapſed, till his birth, the boy had paſſed, as rays of light through a pane of glaſs, leaving no traces of perforation. As he had attained the powers and capabilities of manhood, of body and intellect, in the uſual progreſs of humanity, and had finally ſuffered death, attended with common agonies, he was more fully convinced of the divinity of the murdered Lord, and

bleſſed

bleſſed the holy, and ſympathiſing condeſcenſion of the ſucceſſor of the typical ſcape-goat.

The dragoon, whom I journeyed with in the ſouth of France, and the chain of incidents which his ſtory connected, have diverted my attention from the manners and philoſophy of a Greek, whom the ſuppliant idiom of the French language, and the familiarity of travellers ſoon named, from his native iſland, *M. de Corfu.** His country could not now boaſt any pre-eminence in ſentiment, in religious, or civil liberty; the whole of the Morea, and the adjoining parts of Greece, were under the dominion, and iron hand of the Turk: but he valued himſelf upon what they had been; and he ſtill hoped, that the modern Greeks, releaſed

* His real name was Marchi.

releaſed from their preſent degraded condition, would ſhew themſelves worthy of their brave and free anceſtors. His heart dilated, when he recited the monuments of former glory: and he aſſumed a noble fame to his rocky, and barren iſland, from its "Acroceraunia, infames ſcopulos." Every part of his country abounded with ancient reliques: a blind man could not walk there, without ſtumbling, at every ſtep, over the moſt precious morceaus. "We were the firſt aſſerters of human liberty: we aſſociated in republics, rude, and warlike indeed, but generous and free. Succeeding ages, with happier intellect, will improve the condition of mankind, and create a new æra of perfect government from the rough model of Grecian democracies, and upon the broad baſis of national and individual good. He talked much of the nature of good and

and evil, the vicious principles of the ancient governments, the tyranny of the abſolute powers of Europe, and the capabilities of the people, under a well-informed, and legitimately conſtituted republic, where the maſs of the community ſhould elect, from their own body, their temporary legiſlators, who, having the ſame intereſts with their conſtituents, and at ſtated periods, returning to the ſimple condition of citizens, ſhould be rewarded or puniſhed by the applauſe or contempt of their countrymen."

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WOMEN.

WHEN I determined to give a chapter on women, it was my intention to have ſpoken every thing for them, and to have inſinuated nothing againſt them; but as their preſent power and pre-eminence in the world is much contraſted with the general malicious opinions, once entertained of them, and as the moſt orthodox fathers of the *church* have inveighed againſt their ſex, I thought it would be unchriſtian to adore them. My nature is, however, ſtrongly diſpoſed to pity their weakneſs, and extenuate their foibles; but

but in attempting the Herculean labour of an apologiſt, I am ſtartled at the difficulties; and at the ſight of ſuch an hoſt of adverſaries, an undiſciplined ſoldier may be allowed to retreat.

To diſcover the creation of man, and the ſubſequent formation of woman, a believing chriſtian muſt not paſs the ſacred mounds of the Moſaic ſyſtem; or ſhould he admit the interpretation of the Jewiſh rabbi, he muſt be cautious in declaring it: he may either offend the divine word, or excite the indignant pride of an injured ſex. Man was made after the image of the Omnipotent: but let no ſnarling cynic inſinuate to the fair, that the Rabbins believed, nay, held it as an incontrovertible fact, that women were not the image of God; or that ſome more courteous Jew, in politeneſs, perhaps,

to

to his wife, his daughter, or a miſtreſs, and not wiſhing wholly to ſatanize himſelf, had accommodated the difference of the ſex, and publiſhed, that God was both male and female, at the ſame inſtant. This contradiction did not obtain much amongſt a ſceptical people; and perhaps the world was not then ſufficiently debilitated and impotent to have half, or doubly produced the neuter ſex. Some bolder theoriſt diſcovered, that man was created neither male nor female: he wiſhed both to be eſteemed equally good, pure, and virtuous; but becauſe, in his degenerate days, the diſtinction had taken place, he imputed this fatal gift to Satan, and thereby involved innocent man in an equal ſhare of original ſin. The proverbs of Judea were no more favourable to the females, than the authors of ſyſtems; and ſince in modern days, mankind pretend ſo ſubmiſſive

miſſive an attachment for the civil regulations, and wiſdom of their anceſtors, the female alarmiſts will not diſdain, if the uncourteous Hebraic advice is liſtened to by their fathers, or if their lovers believe, that "the ſkill of women ſhould be confined to their ſpinning wheels."

The diſcerning fair will never aſſociate with the ſcholar, who too frequently thinks, that all virtue and excellence diſappeared from the earth, with the Greeks and the Romans; and in contemplating their romantic greatneſs, he neglects the amiable duties of modern life. With his admiration of the language, he may have imbibed the abominable prejudices of the poets and philoſophers; and if he ſometimes, reluctantly, praiſes the benevolence or the beauty of the ſex, he can claſſically prove, from their moſt enthuſiaſtic adorer

adorer among the ancients, that "the female mind is deſtitute of prudence." Such an aſſertion demands, and perhaps obtains, the loud indignation of all: he permits you to rail, and, with a thouſand voices, to declare the ſoft poet's ignorance of the ſex: but elevated on the buſkin of the tragedian, he will irreſiſtibly perſuade you, that "ſilence is your greateſt ornament."

If your lover is a philoſopher, with Plato, he will attribute to women the origin of vows, ſuperſtition, and ſacrifice; and becauſe, in their conſequence, they have intailed ſo much ruin and ignorance upon mankind, one forbidding glance, or an ungracious refuſal will make him reſolve, "never to aſſociate with women, unleſs he wiſhes to corrupt his manners." Their ſuperſtitions will ſoon make him a magician,

magician, and to the deſtruction of his favourite philoſophy, he will ſoon allow, "the more women, the more ſorcery."

Never love a French royaliſt, for though he may flatter your vanity, he is bound by his laws, cuſtoms, and abuſe, to believe you and your deſcendants for ever incapable of wearing a crown: and ſhould any unhappy aſpirant to the regal dignity trace his deſcent, at the diſtance of a thouſand years, through a woman, his claims are diſroyed in a moment. Illuſtrious examples will not ſoften his prejudices; but like the laws of the Medes and Perſians, the Salique will remain for ever unaltered. His education, his nobility forbid him to allow the equality of women; and could he ſee the ſhade of a Spartan, on the day of her marriage, he would ſtartle at the republican

republican ghoſt. The ſame politeneſs, that fixed the corvèe of a woman at half leſs than a man's, would ſoon diſrobe the Amazon of her maſculine habit, and ſinking her to her original inequality, with Mahomet, he would rather believe, that "an huſband might lawfully beat his wife." Friendly to ancient uſage, he aſſerts, that as women once were bought by the medium of cattle, they may now alſo be bought, ſold, or exchanged; and in Ruſſia, the country of his dear favourite monarchy, even the vulgar peaſants indulge with a ſecond wife, a good working woman. An emigrant from his own country, and an alien in England, he may, perhaps, wiſh to know ſomething of the ſex: in ſociety, he ſees them elevated to deities; but if chance ſhould throw the code of penal laws into his notice, he will conclude, that the law ſtill beholds them with

with a ſuſpicious eye, and ſome dear huſband, fearful of a high-ſpirited wife, may inſtruct him in the nature of the ignominious puniſhment, once executed upon the murderer of her huſband. But, alas! times are miſerably changed—'tis the age of innovation. If he is a caſuiſt, and verſed in the learning of the ancients, he will determine, on account of the weakneſs and irritability of the female mind, that violence in them is more excuſeable than in man; and that it is a greater crime to kill a woman, than a man.

There are few men, who do not conſider the fair ſex, as the moſt invaluable pledge of our happineſs. Some, however, would, with pleaſure, repeat the laſcivious manners of the Almè of Egypt, or the more horrid cuſtoms of the Arreoy, of the Society Iſlands; and

and indulge a malicious ſtrain of wit upon the enſlaved ſtate of the women of the eaſt, and from their general weakneſs, and trifling amuſements, wiſh to infer the incapability of female improvement. They might ſay, they are vindictive; but they forget, that it is a natural conſequence of weakneſs—that they are curious, inquiſitive in the affairs of others, always myſterious in their own—light and capricious; and that, from their follies and extravagant examples, has ſprung a ſpirit of diſſipation, which the legiſlators of ſome countries have thought expedient to curb by ſumptuary laws.

The politeneſs of modern days has aſſiſted to ſoften the harſh opinions of the world, with regard to the fair; and many now admit, that the female heart can beat, with tranſport, for her country's cauſe, or can bleed for

its wrongs. But in the greater portion of the earth, women are unfortunately in a ſtate of vaſſalage: the German beauty, yoked with ſome kindred animals, drags the boat up the rivers, whilſt the lordly huſband ſits in the ſtern, ſmokes his pipe, converſes with the paſſing Mynhier, and performs the arduous taſk of ſteerſman; and in Lapland, and among the deformed Eſkimau Indians, the huſband, hoſpitably ſurrendering his wife, for a night, to the arms of the way-worn ſtranger, directs to heaven his ſolitary prayers for the exterior improvement of his ſpecies. In all the Aſiatic countries, polygamy is the moſt ſure, and virtuous means of obeying the firſt command of nature, and of nature's God—increaſe and multiply; and under the well regulated government of China, the legalized variety of marriage is commenſurate with the

the power, or the wiſhes of the huſband.

In all the ancient monarchies, and in ſome of the modern governments of Europe, legiſlators have endeavoured, by the oppreſſion of the people and by continual wars, to inſure the ſubject's obedience; and even ſome philoſophers have concluded, that riches and eaſe are the parents of faction. In the little circle of private life, and by the curſed claims of primogeniture, a tyrant is erected in every family, over whom, and over his younger brothers and ſiſters, he frequently exerciſes deſpotic ſway. The women, particularly, are conſtantly held in a ſtate of pupilage and ſubjection, by their fathers, by their brothers, and finally by their huſbands. If the laws permitted them greater power, they would certainly act more

benevolently. I was thrice a priſoner in Italy; and I owed my liberation, once to the kind interference of the comandant's miſtreſs, at Cremona, and once to the generous, and unſolicited mediation of a dame of Mantua.

With a viſionary and ſpeculative theoriſt of France, I converſed much on the ſubject: he had met with men, who admitted the activity and benevolence of the ſex, when once excited in your favour, but who attributed all their exertions to vanity and curioſity. "You may thus," ſaid I, "refine away our moſt virtuous and noble actions:" "*Ce'ſt vrai, M. L'Anglois,*" anſwered he quickly; "My ſentiments are, however," continued he, "very oppoſite, indeed; if Pandora, in her curſed curioſity, opened the box of human infirmities, a woman will collect them again, and bind them with impaſſable Styx.

Styx. This dear woman ſhall be a patriot, and I will gather flowers to adorn her breaſt, and will metamorphoſe myſelf into an inhabitant of that happy manſion. It ſhall be the boſom of peace: her bouquet ſhall be a cornucopia; but not to herſelf alone—the ſame fair hand, that collects Pandora's malevolence, will inſtinctively diſtribute the bleſſings of plenty. If an ariſtocrat, by the fatality of birth, or by the pride of intellect, ſhe ſhall be a democrat in virtue; and an haughty republican may well deſcend from his ſovereignty, and haſte to drink delicious poiſon from her roſeate, ſoftly-trembling lips. In every diſaſter of life," ſaid he, "the fair are kind and tender to your wants, and will liſten with pitying ear to your complaints; and if ſuſpicious man, in his wanton humour, endeavours to envelop your actions in doubts and

myſtery, a woman is always ready, with the kind breath of her benevolence, to diſſipate the cloud."

This Frenchman ſpoke, with much fervor, of the patriotiſm, moral and intellectual improvement of his countrywomen; and if I gave the implicit credit to his aſſertions, which his general attainments deſerved, I ſhould be convinced, that this age of revolution will not be ſilent; but that the condition of women, as they deſerve, will be much improved; and that even in the Oriental diviſions of the earth, they will be exalted from their preſent debaſement. The Nazarene, confeſſing his errors, will no longer encourage the indiſcriminate community of women; and notwithſtanding the holy example of Metuale prieſts, affectionate huſbands will, even in ſight of ſuch profanation, refuſe to "barter

out

out their wives to their friends for a month, or a year." Tyrant cuſtom will no longer ſanction ſuch depravity: women will be allowed, if they have energy, to exert the rights of equality. From the change of education, and the improvement of morals, they will be more ſecure in the virtue of the mind, than if guarded by the walls, bars, and eunuchs of a Perſian haram; and if the ſhade of an ancient German could riſe again upon earth, he would confeſs, that a regenerated world will fondly believe, that, in the breaſts of women, "reſidè a ſanctity and wiſdom, more than human."

CHAP. X.

SOLDIERY.

THE greater portion of modern Europe is under the arbitrary government of princes and kings, whose insulated dignity is protected by numerous regiments of horse and foot, on the frontiers of their kingdoms, and by select bodies of men, attached to their persons by greater honours, and more extravagant pay. The friend of humanity laments the condition of man, wretched even in the best organized states, and drops a tear of pity upon the millions of slaves, the sweat of whose brow is extracted, in a thousand

ſand varied ſhapes, to feed an hungry tyrant, and the luxurious lords, and gilded dependants, who ſurround him. The philoſopher, who boldly hopes that man, capable of improvement under a virtuous government, may one day be guided, in his individual and political capacity, by the powers of reaſon, equally deſpiſes the magnificent throne of Ruſſia, though ſurrounded by ten thouſand body guards, and the little ſervile imitation of ſome ſovereign princes of Germany, whoſe domeſtic ſervants, clothed in military uniform, play the ſoldier before the fancied palace of their maſters *.

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* Many of the ſovereigns of Germany, whoſe revenues ſcarcely equal the yearly rents of ſome Engliſh eſquires, but whoſe anceſtral fame is minutely recorded in the volumes, or ſhields of heraldry, endeavour to maintain the appearance of a military eſtabliſhment. Saxe Gotha, as it gave a princeſs to England, muſt be paſt over in

The ſoldiers of Ruſſia are allowed by all to poſſeſs little of the compaſſionate ſentiments of man; and where pity might have reached even their breaſts, the commands of their Imperial miſtreſs, of her favourite Potemkin, or the bloody Suwarrof*, have pointed their ſabres againſt the breaſts of the vanquiſhed. The armies of Pruſſia, which

ſilence; but within the influence of the fury of war, lives a ſovereign prince, whoſe rental can ſcarcely ſupport a chamberlain, chancellor, and other officers of ſtate, and whoſe effectual forces, which at the commencement of the war were eighteen, have ſince been augmented to twenty-three. The population of his territories is very thin; and ſmall as his military eſtabliſhment, his ſubjects complain of being burdened with placemen, penſioners, a general, and ſubordinate officers.

* I am informed by a gentleman, who has ſerved in her body guards, and was preſent at the maſſacre of Iſmail, that General Suwarrof is a kind-hearted man; and that he reluctantly executed the ſuperior orders of Prince Potemkin. Diſobedience might have been puniſhed by death, or the deſarts of Siberia.

which are formed of the outcasts of every nation of Europe, are universally addicted to rapine and plunder*; and though they did not wantonly murder the peaceable peasants of France,

* In the first campaign, as the allied and emigrant armies did not succeed in the conquest of France, they mutually reproached each other with being the cause. The emigrants had deceived the allies by their assurances of immediate aid; and they, in their turn, attributed the failure to the plunders and ravages of the allies, which united the French. The Prussians were particularly culpable: they even broke to pieces the ploughs, for the paltry value of the iron; and, by their excesses, increased the mass of their enemies. One instance of feminine valour may perhaps please, and merit the applause of my female readers. A ferocious Vedette, coming near a solitary cottage, dismounted, and was searching for plunder, when the plump-faced matron, and her daughter entered the house. He brutally attempted the mother; she cried out—but, alas! what resistance could be made to an armed soldier?—The daughter walked peaceably out of the door, and drawing a pistol from the saddle, secretly returned, and blew its contents through his brains.

France, they carefully deprived them of every comfort of life. The contingent and ſubſidized troops of the German empire, whoſe pay is ſmall, although ſome of their princes receive extravagant douceurs from the purſes of England, nearly equal, in rapacity and plunder, their dear brothers of Pruſſia and Auſtria. The Imperial ſoldiers, who receive double pay in actual ſervice, compoſed of the Croats, Sclavonians, and other wild barbarians of the Turkiſh frontier, feel little of the remorſe of civilized beings: Cæſar is their God: and the Carmagnols, the rebel devils, the enemies of God. The little humanity, their pity might ſhew to an infidel Turk, is denied to the French atheiſts; and theſe pious Keyſerſmen, becauſe the Duke of York granted honourable conditions to the garriſon, and protection of property to the inhabitants, of Valenciennes, murmured

murmured at his princely generosity. They had exposed their lives in the attack of the place, and modestly expecting its plunder, were with difficulty restrained from violating the conditions, and proving, in the face of Europe, to whom justly belonged the imputation of being the enemies of domestic quiet, of property, and social order.

I have in this volume mentioned the little difficulties I experienced among the Imperial recruiters in Italy; and the chapter of enthusiasm relates my embarrassments among the wild and suspicious soldiers of France. But I have been as much solicited to enter the service of that puissant monarch, the King of Sardinia, and that most moral of men, his Majesty of Prussia. The Imperial officers, in general, dismissed

miſſed me with politeneſs, whenever a recruiter attacked my liberty; but at the caſtle of Chamberry, a giant German officer, then on guard, degraded his military honour to act the infamous part of a crimp. So anxious are all the "regular powers" of Europe to augment the ſtrength of their forces, that the ſafety of the pedeſtrian traveller is continually endangered. Wicked as the French are, and though they have ſubverted and deſtroyed many well eſtabliſhed notions of right and wrong, they did not, for the ſake of a recruit, invade the liberty of the foreigner; nor do they now ſwell the maſs of their requiſitions by the indiſcriminate reception of refugees or deſerters. They are convinced, and they everywhere ſay, to the wretched apoſtate from the cauſe of kings, that they can defend their infant liberty,

without

without the miſerable expedients of encouraging deſertion *.

In France, even in the year 1791, when the patriots were jealous of every ſtranger, I always received the greateſt civility from the officers and ſoldiers of the troops of the line. If I expoſed myſelf in the ſearch of curioſities, to any diſagreeable embarraſſments, I could not blame the ſoldiers, as in the adventure of Beſançon, for diſcharging the duties of their office. I was once only ſolicited to engage in France, nor do I recollect, that I ever ſaw a recruiting party in the country. It was, indeed, entirely unneceſſary, for

* This is, I believe, the preſent caſe with the republican armies; and many deſerters have been either ſent back with diſgrace, or committed to priſon, as if taken with arms in their hands. I am aware of the extravagant rewards offered in the firſt campaign by the convention; but they did not then know their own force.

for if the assembly could be protected by the national guards, who everywhere joyfully, and in immense numbers, enregistered their names in the military books of the municipality, they would never purchase, by extravagant bounties, as under the old regimen, what was as well bought for five sous*. As I never witnessed in France, the splendid glories of the absolute monarchy, I know not the much lamented days, that are past—gone—and gone for ever; but in the year 1791, though I travelled on foot, and exposed myself to the fortunes of the roads, I was only once solicited to inlist; it was near the town of Phalsbourg, when I accidently was joined by two soldiers, who

* I know not, if this was the sum decreed to all national volunteers, throughout the country; but at Château-Thierry, five sous were paid to every man, who inscribed his name as a national guard; and this sum was given, as a man explained, to drink to the nation.

who belonged to that garriſon: among a number of indifferent queſtions, and enquiries into the ſtate and politics of Germany, and Switzerland, where I told them I had been, and ſuſpecting me to be an Imperial ſoldier, or deſerter, one of them aſked, *Monſieur ne voudroit il pas changer ſon ' épee?* I replied, *Non!* and did not hear another word of the kind. We continued to walk together, till we reached the gates of the fortification; and when the officer, who read over my paſſeport, and took down my name, ordered a ſoldier to conduct me to the Grand Guard, they very graciouſly wiſhed their new companion a good journey.

But under the old government of France exiſted a diſtinct ſpecies of ſoldiery, called *Cavaliers de Marechauſſée*, equally the terror of the good and the bad, the robber, and the honeſt

honeſt traveller; and who, being authorized to demand the ſight of the paſſeport, too often exerciſed their duty with cruelty and caprice. The practice was not confined to France: even in the cantons of Switzerland, but particularly in the Pays de Vaud, and the principality of Neuchâtel, they have patroles of this kind. In France, they parade on horſeback, gorgeouſly arrayed, enormous ſabre, large piſtols, and ſtrong carabine: and ſometimes on the frontiers, two together jealouſly ſtop the natives, or the foreigners, who, they think, are leaving the kingdom. They were courteous and polite, or rough and ſavage, as it ſuited their humour, or the tinge of their mind: honeſt and gay, jealous and ſuſpicious in a moment; and if the traveller had this time been permitted to paſs on, he could not depend that, in the next half hour, a ſhower

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of rain, a cold wind, or the uneaſineſs, or ſtumbling of his horſe, might determine him to return, and conduct the poor traveller to the next Intendant.

I have elſewhere ſaid, that we paſſed in France, as far as Soiſſons, without a paſſeport; and even in the great city of Amiens, we did not experience the leaſt moleſtation. But our happineſs was interrupted for the firſt time, as we were repoſing near the road ſide, by a man on horſeback. Ignorant of the cuſtoms of the continent, we did not know the elevated dignity of this tyrant: we neither feared his power, nor his malevolence; and my companion paid very little attention to his enquiries, till a countryman on horſeback admoniſhed us for our indifference, and with a ſhake of his head told us, he was *un Cavalier de Marechauſſée*. His queſtions led my compa-

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nion to conclude, that a paſſeport was neceſſary; and hearing the frequent repetition of *paſſe*, I ſtumbled, in my Engliſh obſervations to my fellow-traveller, upon the uſe of the word paſſeport. The patrole repeated the word, and, as I was informed, inſiſted that I ſhould anſwer his queſtions. *Non! non!* did not ſatisfy him; and after exerciſing all his art and ingenuity upon me, to extract a more full anſwer, he was convinced, it was really my ignorance of his language, that made me ſhew the open-mouthed ſtare of an ideot. He turned to the peaſant, who had warned us of the cavalier's dignity, and gravely obſerved, that "he was very tall not to have learnt French." The tyrant prepared to depart: it was too much trouble to take us with him; but he aſſured us, that when we arrived at Mondidier, we ſhould undergo a long examination.

tion. We avoided this great embarraſſment, by leaving the road at Moreuil; but the incident made ſuch an impreſſion upon us, that we carefully avoided the great roads; and by a ſtrange contradiction, conſidering the villages and defenceleſs cabarets more ſecure than fortified towns, we did not approach one, till we entered the walls of Soiſſons.

Some months expired, when I had learnt ſo much of the French, as was ſufficient to continue a converſation in ſhort and broken ſentences, uttered with caution, and ſlowly tranſlated from my Engliſh thoughts, that I began to relate our firſt diſagreeable *rencontre* upon the roads. Though in my mind, there ſtill exiſted too much of the old ſyſtem of ſlavery, the peaſants were happy, that they could now travel ſo little moleſted, and the nobleſſe, or the ariſtocratical rich, lamented,

mented, that the *canaille* had obtained ſuch licentious liberties. "Now," ſaid the peaſants, "we can travel, and we do not fear the *Marechauſée*; but once we could not ſtir for them;" and putting their hands and wriſts together, to ſhew how he hand-cuffed them, they threw their eyes to heaven, and ſhrugging up, exclaimed, that they were *toujours comme ça.* This expreſſive geſticulation was frequently preliminary to a more general converſation; the miſery of ſlavery, the oppreſſions of the feudal law, the tyranny of the military, and the rapacity of farmers-general, drew forth tears from every eye, and upon the abolition of which the heart of a peaſant might be permitted to dilate; and what free-born Engliſhman, thought I, will ever attempt to wither the expanding bud of liberty, and again conſign a gay, happy, and a brave nation, to their former wretched condition. Millions

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are now made happy and free: they work for themſelves: the labour of the day is no longer ſucceeded by the feudal ſervices of the night: the dame of the village caſtle muſt now ſupport, as well as the peaſant's wife, the croaking of the frogs.

The French officers and ſoldiers, in general, vied with each other in their courteous attention to an Engliſhman; but at Pavia, we experienced from an officer the ſame brutal treatment we might have expected, and indeed often received, from the common Imperial ſoldier. The national guards were not, however, ſo complaiſant as the troops of the line: liberty may generate ſome unſocial diſpoſitions, and in Switzerland, the military (but of theſe there are few) partake rather of the ſtern ſeverity of Germany, than of the politeneſs of the French.

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At Zurich, we arrived with the boat, that conveys the letters from Rapperſwill; and as we told the guard at the Watergate, that we ſhould leave the town after breakfaſt, he permitted us to paſs on. My companion and I were finally to ſeparate here; but fearing that my authenticated copy of our paſſeport would not be ſufficient to aſſure my ſafety, and wiſhing, that it ſhould be further atteſted by the officer of the Grand Guard, I went there to deſire that favour. Some rumours had arrived there that morning; but why he ſhould ſuſpect me as a dangerous man, I could never diſcover. He ſent a ſoldier for my companion; and when he arrived, notwithſtanding our repreſentations, and our want of breakfaſt, he ordered a guard to conduct us to the gate. The ſoldier was, however, kinder than his officer; and as I told him, we intended to ſeparate, and that I was going to Lucerne, and

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the canton of Underwaldt, he entered the guard-houſe of the gate; and having enquired, and written down the villages on the road, whoſe names he was convinced I could not know, he gave me the paper, and conducted me to a conſiderable diſtance beyond the glacis.

I had frequent occaſion to admire the politeneſs of French ſoldiers, upon which, indeed, they highly pique themſelves; and as this obſervation might and did befriend me, I frequently repeated it to their fellow-citizens. *Mon pauvre enfant!* ſaid the benevolent hoſteſs at Blamont, "you have ſeen all the ſoldiers of the empire:" I replied, "Yes! but the French are more polite, *plus braves*, than the Germans." Violently interrogating, *ſi!* ſhe ran out, communicated this wonderful intelligence to her huſband; and three warm-hearted patriots, returning with her, aſked me

many queſtions of the liberty of France and England, of their comparative reſources, of the vaſt accumulation of the public debts, and of their extent and population. I believe I anſwered them very accurately; and pulling out the chart of France, told them, that England was only a third of the nation. *La carte de la France!* I ſhewed them Straſbourg, Luneville, and Nancy, and, at their earneſt ſolicitation, I pointed out Paris, and ſoon convinced them all, I was a "*philoſophe, et bon patriote.*"

In the campaign of 1793, when the Britiſh had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in ſeveral *coups de main*, and had deſervedly obtained the applauſe of their fellow-ſoldiers, the fame and valour of their exploits was the theme of converſation in the Auſtrian Netherlands. The bigot, who lamented they were herectis, admitted, as they were fighting for

for the church, that however they were brave; and their beauty and handſome accoutrements had reached the ears, and excited the curioſity of the women. Many, who had not ſeen the Britiſh, nor knew, that we were of that nation, enquired after the *belles troupes des Anglois*. At a little diſtance from Namur, during the mid-day heat, we refreſhed ourſelves at a cabaret; and as we were ſettling our little bill, among other monies, I gave the girl an Engliſh halfpenny, to which ſhe objected, as it would not paſs in that country. I inſiſted it was good; but ſhe thought it was as bad as the Pruſſian money, and would take it for no more than half the value. I was willing, but told her again, it was good money, and the money of my country; ſhe eagerly enquired of what country, and I replied England. She immediately began a long deſultory ſtory about the Engliſh: *on dit, que—*

on dit—on dit—till we were heartily tired of her hearſays—ſhe wiſhed to ſee the Engliſh troops—and after another long ſtring of *on dit*, demanded if they were not *de belles troupes*. As ſhe ſeemed ſo very anxious to behold theſe favourite ſoldiers, I inſinuated, that her lover was perhaps of that nation: no—but ſhe loved the Engliſh troops—troops alone could ſatisfy her. As an Engliſhman, I flattered myſelf, I might be permitted to partake of her heart; but nothing could efface the impreſſion of Engliſh troops. A Bourgeois' addreſſes were quite *une autre choſe*; and though the citadel might have yielded to the ponderous arguments of a naked ſabre, the outworks were inacceſſible to the peaceable approach of a citizen.

CHAP. XII.

ANTIQUITIES.

IN the greater number of travels, antiquities occupy a very conſiderable portion of the volumes: ſome ſtudiouſly compile from former writers, and minutely deſcribing many vaſt monuments of paſt ſplendour, which perhaps no longer exiſt, frequently make the traveller deviate from his journey to behold, if he can diſcover them, the rare productions of art. At the city of Avignon I haſtened, with the moſt eager curioſity, to the chapel of ——— to contemplate and admire the monument

of Laura, which the book of travels I then carried mentioned with extacy; and after reading the verſes, which it ſaid Francis the firſt had written, and inſcribed upon the tomb, my friend of Corfu fondly recalled to his imagination all the glories and poetry of Petrarch's age. As he had enjoyed and adored the verſes of the unhappy lover, he anticipated with rapture the pleaſures of beholding this conſecrated tomb; but when we arrived, and having enquired for it, were conducted into a yard, and ſeeing only a ſmall broken ſlab, without inſcription, which might as well have celebrated the loves of Maria Louiſa, as of Laura, the Greek lifting up his hands, curſed the book that had deceived us; but ſeeing a fine portrait of Jeſus Chriſt, he was gradually tranquillized, and acknowledged M. Chriſt a philoſopher,—the firſt of philoſophers.

At

At Avignon I left my companions, and croſſing the Rhône to Villeneuve, thence proceeded through a rich vine country, to the vicinity of the Pont du Gard. This immenſe bridge, which by ſome modern additions to the loweſt arcade, affords a paſſage for waggons, was deſtined to convey water from the fountain of ——— to Niſmes; and as the Romans were ignorant that water, if confined in pipes and not expoſed to external air, would riſe to its level at any diſtance from the fountain, they had carried it along a gently inclined plain for many miles, for the uſe of the military ſtation of Niſmes. Between the fountain and the city was, unfortunately for the oppreſſed provincials, interpoſed a deep narrow valley, along which runs the river Gard; but as the wealth of kingdoms was ever profuſely ſpent to adminiſter to the caprice and luxury

of a military governor, Roman tyranny* commanded, and provincial induſtry erected over the valley an immenſe acqueduct of three arcades, nobly ſublime and awful. The loweſt bridge is formed, with the moſt maſſy ſtones, into five arches: the middle arcade conſiſts of ten; and the higheſt, along whoſe hollow and roofed channel ran the water of the fountain, conſiſts,

* Mankind are ever extolling the vaſt and magnificent works of the Romans; but I am more inclined to admire the public works, deſtined for public convenience, than thoſe immenſe buildings which flattered the vanity, or contributed ſolely to the luxury or amuſement of a lazy populace. The projectors of the New River, and of canals, or even the proprietors, if their patriotiſm can be abſtracted from intereſt, deſerve the praiſe and gratitude of mankind, more than the generous founders of amphitheatres, &c. Beſides, we ſhould reflect, that every grand diſplay of Roman munificence was as cloſely cemented by the ſweat, perhaps by the blood, of the provincials, as the ſweet taſte of modern Europe is gratified by the labour of the negroes.

conſiſts, on account of the greater diſtance of the ſolid ground, on one ſide of thirty-ſix or thirty-ſeven ſmall arches, all preſenting to the eye a dark majeſtic ruin.

Thence I followed the road to the city of Niſmes; and though fatigued with a four league walk in a dry ſoil, and under a burning ſun, the noiſe of the drums, and the happy countenance of the Sunday holiday makers, enlivened and refreſhed my ſpirits without the aid of wine. The gay inhabitants were celebrating, with rapturous enthuſiaſm, the conſtitution of 1791; and though long detained by the diſplay of military manœuvres, and though the circulation of the blood was quickened by muſic and *ça-ira*, I calmly retired to viſit and contemplate the vaſt and ſilent remains of antiquity, and at night mixed with the feſtive dance. Near

to a fountain and baſon, which antiquarians believe to have been built by Marius, after he fled from the great theatre of Rome and the proſcriptions of Sylla, is an elegant temple of Diana; at each corner of a ſquare, in the front of the temple, are placed four marble coloſſal ſtatues of the ſeaſons, and on the oppoſite ſide of the baſon ſtatues of Diana, her attendants, and hunting dogs. The interior preſents a confuſed number of altars, or ſtones of ſacrifice, inſcribed with the devout names of conſuls and pro-conſuls, plunderers, and oppreſſors of the brave Gauls; who hoped, perhaps, by theſe ſmall acts of attention to the Gods to expiate the crimes they daily committed on earth. The ſtones were too large to be ſtolen; but the eagle-eyed Janitors watched my conduct with the moſt marked ſuſpicion; and the national ſoldier,

ſoldier, who ſtood guard at a ſmall diſtance, coming nearer, and liſtening to my queſtions, dropt a ſuſpicion of that Monſieur's patriotiſm. I then however wore the national cockade; and as I diſplayed this fallacious emblem of the inward man, and as a few words of complaiſance will, in ſome caſes, obliterate an unfavourable impreſſion, each minute enquiry, with the frequent uſe of *ces braves Romains ces amis de la liberté*, ſoon convinced him of my honeſt civiſm. I deſired a little boy to ſhew me *les Arenes*; they all ſaid I could not miſtake: *voila ce gros batiment!* but when I left them, and acknowledged my infinite obligations for their polite attentions, they kindly profeſſed their readineſs to ſerve a foreigner, but privately ſhrugged aſtoniſhment at my ſingular curioſity: and ſome dreaded like

the ignorant Egyptians, that it was a cover for ſome leſs holy purpoſe.

As I was advancing from the gardens, with eager ſtep, to the ruins of the amphitheatre, and though I had their vaſt majeſty in ſight, my attention was ſuddenly attracted and captivated by an elegant temple, which, upon enquiry, I afterwards diſcovered to have been built by the Romans; and though in many places ſpoiled by an intermixture of modern architecture, it preſents to the eye the moſt perfect ſymmetry. I have neither ſtudied, nor have I any particular predilection for the remains of antiquity; but the ſingular beauties and ſimple elegant deſign of the *maiſon quarrée*, drew my attention for ſome time from the awful, grand, and majeſtic amphitheatre before me. A great wall prevented

vented my more cloſe obſervation; but as my clothes were not too ſumptuous to create a fear for them, too ſordid to encourage any hungry attorney to proſecute me for the treſpaſs, and beneath the wiſe rage of a civilian, I climbed the wall, which divided me and the profane property of, perhaps, ſome *ſans-culotte* from the holy demeſnes of the church; and from the contemplation of this elegant temple, ſupported and adorned by Ionic colonades, I directed my ſteps to the building, which I firſt moſt anxiouſly wiſhed to ſee.

But I know not which ſtruck me moſt, the awful and dark majeſty of the outſide, whoſe Coloſſal and Tuſcan architecture was ſo much contraſted with the elegant and neat forms of the temple of Plotina—the numerous vomitories, or the immenſe oval arena, which,

which, though ſpoiled with houſes and ſtables, imagination ſtill brightened into ſome faint correſpondence with the maſſy walls. I had read of the Coliſeum, whoſe numerous ſeats could accommodate eighty thouſand of the Roman people, and had imagined the vaſtneſs of an amphitheatre; but though my ideas of extent were proportionate to the number of ſpectators, I had formed a very imperfect model of its ſublimity and awful grandeur. The immenſe rough-hewn blocks of marble, upon which had once promiſcuouſly ſat the Roman citizens and provincials, and perhaps, in ſucceſſive times, the humbled Marius, and the victorious Cæſar, and which now only ſerved to attract the wandering ſteps of a few barbarous Britains or ſubtle Gauls, were long memorials of the inſtability of human grandeur. I recollected, but with little ſatisfaction, the

the numerous viciſſitudes of the fortunes and happineſs of the people of Niſmes, ſince the erection of this building—alternately a prey to the rapacity of military governors, Gothic and Saracen plunderers, and finally oppreſſed, under the "mild government of France," by proud lords and farmers generals. Awakened from this melancholy reverie by the noiſe of drums, I accompanied the ſoldiers to the gardens, and mixed with the many happy groups of dancers.

The next morning I continued my journey to Arles; and though I finally obtained a *billet de logement* from the officers of the municipality, I was ſuſpected by them, and they were ſuſpected by me, to be favourable to ariſtocracy. The amphitheatre here is larger than that at Niſmes; but only two rows of ſeats remain complete.

Horſes

Horſes and cows now occupy that ſacred ground, which was honoured or diſhonoured by the Roman citizens, whom prudence, accident, and courage elevated to the high rank of *dominos terrarum*, and whoſe bones have here found a common grave in the Elyſian fields with the chriſtians of the early ages. In the municipal houſe, which neceſſity obliged me to viſit, are depoſited many ancient ſtatues, a marble Eſculapius, with a ſcaly writhed ſerpent; and before the Hôtel de Ville, an obeliſk of granite, brought from Egypt, upon which the devout patriotiſm of the democrats has inſcribed *la nation, la loi, et le roi*, adorns the grand place.

At the city of Beſançon my book of travels and curioſities directed my particular attention to the citadel, the hill of Chamars, the plain of Chandane,

dane, a triumphal arch of Aurelian, and to the ſuperſtitions of the cathoc-dral. An immenſe Imperial eagle ſtretched forth its wings to ſupport the holy bible: a maſſy ſculpture, in epiſcopal robes and with mitred front, inſulted a naked humble Jeſus, which laid beneath his haughty ſervant; and the ſimplicity of the chriſtian religion was every moment outraged by the pomp and ceremony of worſhip. In the laborious aſcent to the citadel, I amuſed and reſted myſelf a moment in the examination of the triumphal arch, refreſhed my exhauſted ſpirits with the vivifying application of holy water, and inſtructed and improved my mind with the long and elaborate falſities of monumental inſcriptions. On the head of the citadel my imagination pro-jected a more minute examination of the curioſities of this town; like Ac-teon, I was tempted to intrude into

Chandane;

Chandane; and after obſerving the private amuſements of the attendants of Diana, I intended to have aſcended the hill of Mars. But our brighteſt dreams of happineſs, and airy fancy are frequently blaſted by the moſt trifling incidents: I had treſpaſſed in my holy curioſity upon ſacred ground; and I expiated my ſacrilegious crime by a few hours detention, ſome perſonal danger, and many days ſuſpenſion of the creative powers of imagination.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

SOLITUDE.

THE mind, which is inceſſantly agitated with the buſineſs and cares of the world, and is by its intercourſe ſullied and corrupted, ſhould be frequently relaxed by retirement; nor can any thing tend more effectually to purify the affections of the heart and the mind, than the ſecret examinations of conduct in occaſional ſolitude, where, abſtracted from the vices and cares of the world, we may contemplate the uncertainty of human enjoyments, and prepare the mind and heart to oppoſe with firmneſs the viciſſitudes of fortune. After the various pleaſures and cares of the day, after being fatigued with the ſociety and

buſy

buſy hum of men, the mind repoſes with conſolatory ſatisfaction near the dead ſilence of a ſequeſtered cloiſter, upon a lonely mountain, or under an awful grove, reflects upon the tranſactions of the day, or of paſt life, projects new and more virtuous modes of action, and anticipates, perhaps with airy deluſions, the ſuperior happineſs and enjoyments of to-morrow. But becauſe we ſometimes delight in retirement, and as the mind is moſt confeſſedly purified by its ſolitary converſations with itſelf, I would not recommend the gloomy devotion of a monaſtic life. Theſe inſtitutions, if we may judge from the experience of many centuries, are no way favourable to the improvement of the condition of mankind. The inhabitants of convents have too frequently been immured by an unnatural father, that he might be enabled to ſupport with greater

greater ſplendour the honours of his houſe; or perplexed in the mazy wild of the world, they have fled for refuge from its cares, or to ſhelter a weak underſtanding under the pious credulity of a cowl. The hermitages of Lucerne, the Rhine, the Mœuſe, or the Mozelle, are filled by men, who are recluſe from profeſſion, and who ſupport an idle life upon the benefactions and labour of the poor believer; but upon the mountains and lakes, or in the narrow vallies of the Alps, where innocence ſtill holds its ſlippery reign, and as much above the failings of humanity as above the common level of mankind, the friend of ſolitude and nature might find the moſt delicious retreats. At the chapel of William Tell, he might hear infant children ſing, in full chorus, ſongs in praiſe of their warlike anceſtors. Imagination would recal the ſufferings

and

and ſlavery of the ancient Swiſs, and the pride and privileges of the nobleſſe, and would finally embody a few hardy venerable ſhades, who with their knotted Herculean clubs would "fight all their battles o'er again," ſhatter the ſhining helmets of Imperial ſlaves, and force the vanquiſhed friends of tyranny to ſecure their ſafety by an ignominious flight. On the rock of Meillerie, he might recal the hovering genius of Rouſſeau, and with him anticipate the approaching regeneration of mankind; or in the iſland of St. Peter, he might admire "the banks of the lake of Bienne, more ſavage and romantic than the lake of Geneva; and which, though the rocks and the woods confine it more cloſely, is no leſs charming. If the obſerver ſees leſs of the culture of fields and vines, fewer houſes and cities, he ſees more natural verdure, more meadows,

the

the ſhady aſylum of thickets, more frequent contraſts, and more happy accidental beauties. But as upon its banks there are no roads commodious for carriages, it is little frequented by travellers: but to the ſolitary and contemplating mind it is highly intereſting. If they delight to be intoxicated with the charms of nature, and to meditate in ſilence, they will only be diſturbed by the cries of eagles, the varied notes of birds, and the noiſe of torrents falling from the mountains. This round baſon incloſes two ſmall iſlands, one inhabited and cultivated, of half a league circumference, the other ſmaller, deſert, and untilled. This iſland, though ſo little, is ſo varied in its earths and aſpect, that it offers every kind of ſituation, and is capable of every ſort of culture. Here are found fields, vines, woods, orchards, rich paſturage, ſhaded by thickets, and bordered

bordered with ſhrubs, whoſe coolneſs is increaſed by the air of the water: an high terrace, planted with two rows of trees, runs along the length of the iſland, and in the middle is built a fine hall, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring banks aſſemble to dance during the Sundays of vintage."

On the banks of the lake of Geneva, on the Savoy or Swiſs ſide, the friend of ſolitude might alternately indulge his meditations in the moſt ſecluded retirements, or with the happy ſociety of men of letters, might wander in almoſt impervious woods, or viſit the ſplendid palaces and country ſeats of the great; or, if ſeated on the lake of Como, might converſe with the ſhade of Pliny, and learn inſtruction from the dead.

END OF VOL. I.

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